The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JOY.

Welcome—guiltless, bosom treasure,
Thou can'st hopeless cares destroy,
Seraph sweet, of human pleasure,
Ever welcome—smiling joy.

Tho' misfortunes still deserting,
Would my earthly peace annoy,
Let thy influence mildly blending,
Banish sorrow—welcome joy.

And no more the gloom of sadness,
Let my youthful heart employ,
That I may sing a while in gladness,
Welcome ever—smiling joy.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

'Tis gone—'tis o'er—her soul hath flown
To meet with seraphs round Jehovah's throne;
Join in the chorus—with angels sing
Lasting hymns of praise to your great King.

Just as this lovely rose began to bloom,
'Twas doom'd by heaven to sink into an early tomb,
And left as only had to blossom here below,
To meet with pain, with sorrow and with woe.

LUCY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lines written after a walk to the grave of my Sister.

Cold is thy breast where once affection burned,
As the chill turf which lays above thee now.
Where blooming flowers shall shew where thou'rt inurned,
When he who mourns thee shall be cold as thou.

What makes this spot as dear as life to me.
Why do I love o'er this low mound to weep;
It is because in this wide world I see
No place so lov'd as where thy relics sleep.

When twilight spread its shadows o'er the hill,
Adown yon vale, I once would roam with thee,
Where first awaked, the mossy whippoorwill,
His song nocturnal from the lowland tree.

There's not a hill, there's not a vale around,
That owns a beauty, but where I've carved thy name,
There's not a wild flower wanton o'er the ground,
But what for thee, in magic wreaths I'd frame.

Where shall I walk, when objects all of thee,
Seem to speak forth, with Nature's fervid tongue,
Along the wild woodlands, or down the lea,
Thy name no more shall be around mine flung.

If down yon vale where myrtles wildly grow,
My pensive footsteps heedlessly should wend,
The stranded bark, and unculled flowers would show
That I had lost a sister and a friend.

Yet I will walk, and when the shades of Eden
Spread their soft halo's o'er this vale of woe,
I'll think thy spirit will forsake its heaven,
To hold with me, sweet converse here below.

VITZ EUSTACE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lines on the death of Mary Jane Smith, infant daughter of William P. Smith, Esq. who died on the 26th March last.

We should not grieve when infants die,
For heaven but form'd them for the sky!
We should not mourn when childhood's bloom
Lies wither'd in the insatiate tomb;
For in its place a bloom is given
Which naught can blight—the bloom of heaven!

Oh say, who would not sooner see
A bud fade on its parent tree,
Ere life's dark storms had made it blow,
Ere it was stain'd by earthly woe,
Than see life's sorrows blight each leaf,
And leave behind their withering grief.

Bright cherub! call'd to scenes of rest,
To dwell with God forever blest,
How sweet thy lot—to leave a sphere
Where misery follows pleasure's tear,
To dwell with him eternally,
Who said "Let children come to me."

AMANDA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES.

Oh, woe! weep on—for we have cause,
Above their graves should sorrow sit.
To keep the green turf fresh with tears,
Where grief its wasting lamp hath lit.

And there should hallow'd pray'rs be said,
And all the heart's best feelings given;
For on such dear and sacred scenes,
May fall the holiest beams from heaven.

Together slumbering, cold and still,
Down—down beneath this lonely sod
They sleep, whose spirit 's freed from earth,
Have gone to meet their Father! God!

Oh, weep—weep on, we have much cause,
And tears that fall like gentle dew,
Religion's star may bright exhale,
And draw our sorrows upward too.

For, tho' we mourn, 'tis not as those,
That soothing hope, not promise have;
Oh, we for radiant scenes glows,
With blessed beams beyond the grave.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO ————.

The sun in the west is now slowly descending,
And memory sports in the luxury of feeling,
For the evening thus softly and silently blending,
Once smil'd on the raptures our hearts were revealing.

Oh, deeply it grieves me, to think I no longer
Can see thee as then—or behold that fond smile,
But affection, with absence, grows brighter and stronger,
And that is the balsam which still can beguile,

When we parted from home—our little bark braving,
The white curling surges that foam'd round the mast;
Thy token we saw—round the snowy waving,
And sigh'd, that the distance then faded so fast.

But away, o'er the billows our bark lightly bounded,
The surf plunging in, or rising up now,
With mountains of snow, and dark valleys surrounded,
How proudly she shook the white foam from her prow.

We may meet—we may meet, by the blessing of heaven,
We shall meet—then away with the thoughts that would chill.
The fair hopes we cling to in the future are woven,
And felt—like the transport of melody's thrill.

Ah, say, have you not, in the midnight's still dreaming,
Awoke to the harmony of the soft breathing flute,
And your soaring soul then in ecstacies seeming,
Absorb'd in wild luxury—breathless and mute?

Even so in the vision of absent friend's meeting,
A voice of soft harmony warms the full vein,
When with rapturous tumult the quick pulse beating,
Is swell'd with the transport of meeting again.

THE TRANCE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love, in a drowsy mood, one day
Reclin'd, with all his nymphs around him;
His feather'd darts neglected lay,
And faded were the flowers that crown'd him:
Young Hope, with eyes of light, in vain
Led smiling Beauty to implore him,
While Genius paus'd her rarest strain,
And Pleasure shook her roses o'er him.

At length, a stranger sought the grove,
And fiery Vengeance seem'd to guide him;
He rudely tore the wreaths of Love,
And broke the darts that lay beside him:
The little god now wakeful grew,
And angry at the bold endeavor,
He rose, and wove his wreaths anew,
And strung his bow more firm than ever.

When lo! th' invader cried, "Farewell!"
My skill, bright nymphs, this lesson teaches:
While Love is sprightly, bind him well
With songs, and smiles, and fancied speeches:
But should dull hangour seize the god,
Recall me on my friendly mission;
For know, when Love begins to nod,
His surest spur is Opposition.

THE MORALIST.

THE SLAVERY OF VICE.

The slavery produced by vice appears in the dependence under which it brings the sinner to circumstances of external fortune.—One of the favorite characters of liberty, is the independence it bestows. He who is truly free, is above all servile compliances, and abject subjection. He is able to rest upon himself; and while he regards his superiors with proper deference, neither debases himself by cringing to them, nor is tempted to purchase their favor by dishonorable means. But the sinner has forfeited every privilege of this nature. His passions and habits render him an absolute dependent on the world, and the world's favor; on the uncertain goods of fortune, and the fickle humours of men. For it is by these he subsists, and among these his happiness is sought: according as his passions determine him to pursue pleasures, riches, or preferments. Having no fund within himself, whence to draw enjoyment, his only resource is in things without. His hopes and fears all hang upon the world. He partakes in all its vicissitudes, and is moved and shaken by every wind of fortune.—This is to be in the strictest sense a slave to the world.

Religion and virtue, on the other hand, confer on the mind principles of noble independence.—"The upright man is satisfied from himself."—He despises not the advantages of fortune, but he centres not his happiness in them. With a moderate share of them he can be contented; and contentment is felicity. Happy in his own integrity, conscious of the esteem of good men, reposing firm trust in the providence, and the promises of God, he is exempted from servile dependence on other things. He can wrap himself up in a good conscience, and look forward, without terror, to the change of the world. Let all things shift around him as they please, he knows that by the Divine ordination, they shall be made to work together in the issue for his good: and therefore having much to hope from God, and little to fear from the world, he can be easy in every state. One who possesses within himself such an establishment of mind, is truly free. But shall I call that man free, who has nothing that is his own, no property assured; whose very heart is not his own, but rendered the appendage of external things, and the sport of fortune? Is that man free, let his outward condition be ever so splendid, whom his imperious passions detain at their call, whom they send forth at their pleasure, to drudge and toil, and to beg his only enjoyment from the casualities of the world? Is he free, who must flatter and lie to compass his ends; who must bear with this man's caprice, and that man's scorn; must profess friendship where he hates, and respect where he contemns; who is not at liberty to appear in his own colors, nor to speak his own sentiments; who dares not be honest lest he should be poor?—Believe it, no chains bind so hard, no fetters are so heavy, as those which fasten the corrupted heart to this treacherous world; no dependence is more contemptible than that under which the voluptuous, the covetous, or the ambitious man lies to the means of pleasure, gain, or power. Yet this is the boasted liberty, which vice promises, as the recompence of setting us free from the salutary restraints of virtue.

Many opinions have been cherished by men of genius, more for their novelty than from their correctness, and have been adhered to after their origin was publicly known, with the same fondness a parent expresses for his offspring. Of this kind is, possibly, Shakspeare's idea of harmony, where he anathematizes the ear which is not erect, and the breast which does not bound, at the sound of music. This idea is clothed in glowing language, but we admire it more from the vigor and beauty of its diction, than for its correctness or propriety. We could cite many instances to prove its falsity from among men eminent in the elevation of public, or celebrated for the virtues of private life. As an exception to the assertion of the bard of Avon, we shall notice, only one; but it is a character, whose name will, at once, silence every stickler for the universality of Shakspeare's remark. If our information be correct, the immortal Washington was not a lover of music. To him the harshness of a fife or the harmony of an organ, though elicited by a Handel, had perhaps equal charms. On the contrary, every sable son of Africa has an ear attuned to the most delicate touches of any musical instrument. Their nation is notorious for a just and general taste for this science, and to the name of negro is attached the idea of musical powers, as much as to the nightingale.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than bye ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but its inconvenience is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as for as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation at once and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold it out to the end.—All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

PLEASURES OF THE WORLD.

In the pursuits of happiness, nothing can be of greater disadvantage to mankind than an appetite for inordinate and sensual pleasures. To this mankind may justly impute many of the troubles and perplexities in life. But although in theory the truth of it seems evident, there are few that are willing to practice on the moral. Instead of shunning sensuality, as the bane of social virtue and happines, we see most men recurring to it, as the antidote against distress. The pleasures of sense tend only to throw us into anxieties and disappointments—They serve but to liquidate our faculties and soften the powers of intellect. Pleasure is of a deceitful nature—It serves for a while to transport us with hopes of happiness, and to satisfy the cravings of a greedy appetite: but after being drawn by it into all the miseries of debauchery and vice—after having spent our fortunes and impaired our health by the continual exercise of its intoxicating influence, it leaves us in a labyrinth from which we are unable to escape.

Pleasure, says the fable, is but a painted butterfly, which, though arrayed in all the beauties of a spring-time flower, has nothing but hollowness and unsteadiness within.

If we wish for true happiness, let us not seek it among the gaudy fripperies of life—in the gratification of passions which grow more lawless by indulgence: but let us look to that true fountain from which alone it flows, and receive it in the reserved tranquility of a contented mind.

COLLECTANEA.

TRACING A PEDIGREE.

A Shah of Persia had a superb war horse brought to him for sale, and called his officers around him in front of his palace, to judge of the animal's value. A gang of slaves, with their task master, crossed the court at the same time, and one of them, a Greek, paused to look at the horse. "And what think you of the purchase?" said the Shah rather contemptuously. "The horse is a good one, Sire," replied the Greek; "but I will pawn my life—which for a slave is not much—that he was suckled by an ass."—Suckled by an ass! It is impossible! But the owner of the steed, being sent for, confirmed the statement. The mare who foaled him had died, and a she ass, who was in milk, had been his foster-mother. "By the lump of the holy camel! exclaimed the Shah, "the Christian dog has brains! give him half a loaf a day, at the expence of the public." The Greek's penetration disturbed the mind of the descendant of Ali; he thought incessantly of asses. Shortly afterwards, among his treasures he discovered a costly globe of jasper. "*Inshallath!* I will have this carved into a spacious cup," said he, "from which I may quaff sherbet to the honour of our prophet; and that Greek—he of the ass—shall do the work." "Light of the Sun!" said the Greek, his task being proposed to him, "this stone contains an animal. *Allah Kerim!* This was too much! But the stone was sawed in two and a lizard was found in the middle. "There is but one God," said the Shah. "By the beard of the prophet! upon which be eternal oil of roses—Give him a whole loaf a day at the public expence," said the Shah. Some time after this, his highness, the Shah, was seized with a doubt as to his own legitimacy. It was a nice point for the King to inquire into; but yet he had misgivings that Ali Mahammed had not at all points been his progenitor. The Greek was, (this time,) privately sent for. "You," said the Shah, moodily, "you rule the stars, tell me, I command you, what was my father." "I have no control over the stars," replied the Greek, "or I should scarcely have remained so long your prisoner; but as I can judge from observations, I should take your highness's father to have been a baker." On this the Shah pondered more than ever. Once he thought of resigning the crown. At length, he once more ordered the Greek to be brought before him. "Tell me, O Christian most accursed!" said the Shah, "since I am the son of a baker—(may the eternal ovens be his portion!)—tell me the particular manipulator of flour to whom I owe my being?" "Your highness's command," replied the Greek, "passes my capacity to obey. I have no power over Genii, but derive my knowledge, little as it is, from close observation, and comparason of probabilities." "But how, unless by magic art," asked the king, "could you know that my horse had been nursed by an ass?" "It was because such fostering in my country, Sire, is not uncommon: and that horses so nursed, acquire, from imitation, a peculiar mode of barrying their ears.—" *Bismellah!* But how did you discover," returned the Shah, "that there was a lizard within the jewel?" "It was, your highness, that I have before, in my travels, seen such prodigies: and that a certain opacity about the stone in question, made me suspect the fact in that particular case." "But, whisker of the Prophet's cat," exclaimed the puzzled Prince, "what could lead you to suspect that I am the son of a baker?" "Pardon me, Sire; but it was a circumstance in your Highness's own conduct." "In my own conduct, slave? Tell it, or, you son of a dog, this moment is your last." "When first I told your Highness that the horse you had bought had been nursed by an ass, your Highness commended my knowledge, and ordered half a loaf of bread to be given to me." "I did," rejoined the Shah. "When a second time, I discovered to your highness that the globe of jasper contained an animal, your highness set my wisdom above that of the whole court, and ordered that I should receive a whole loaf of bread." "I did; but what of all this?" cried the impatient Shah.—"On this, Sire, I pondered; and I said within myself,—The sons of Kings pay good services with treasures, and with honours—with thanks and with jewels—with high offices and sums of gold. He whose farthest conception of largess is the giving a loaf of bread, should be no other than the son of a baker.

Dionysius of Syracuse, used to make a joke of the numerous acts of sacrilege we are now recounting. Once, when he had been plundering the fane of Proserpine, at Locri, and was sailing away with his fleet, before a fine breeze, "Do ye see," said he to his friend, laughing, "what prosperous voyages the immortal gods vouchsafe to the sacrilegious." At another time, he stripped the image of Jupiter Olympus of a golden cloak of great weight, and put upon it a woollen one, saying, "the golden is too heavy for summer and too cold for winter, but the woollen will do for either season." He ordered the golden beard of Æsculapius, to be taken off, affirming that it was out of all reason that the son should have a venerable beard, while his father, Apollo, had none at all. He robbed the temples of their tables of gold and silver, which were inscribed with the words "Deorum honorum," (of the *good* Gods,) professing that he would avail himself of their *goodness*. On another occasion, he made love to the golden *victories*, crowns and goblets, which some images held in their hands as if in the act of giving them away, protesting he did not *take*, but only *accepted* them, and that it would be very absurd to pray to the gods for the goods of life, and yet refuse what they offered of their own accord.

A LEGACY.

The following is an extract from the last will and testament of Col. George Mason of Virginia:

"I recommend to my sons, from my own experience in life, to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station, to the troubles and vexations of public business; but if either their own inclinations, or the necessity of the times, should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or of death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity, those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

The reply of Porus to the interrogation of Alexander, how he wished to be treated, and the rebuke of Cæsar to the mariner for his timidity, when he carried *him* and his fortunes, have been often quoted by authors, as striking illustrations of that intrepidity of character and heroism of soul, which is distinguished by the appellation of moral sublimity. We do not recollect however, to have seen a more forcible instance of this fearlessness of heart, than what is contained in the following anecdote respecting Frederick Schiller, the celebrated author of the "Robbers."

Young Schiller was about 7 years old, when black clouds one day announced an approaching thunder storm. Flashes of lightning began to dart through the atmosphere. Inquiry was made for the boy, but he was no where to be found.—The tempest meanwhile came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled awfully, the lightnings burst from the bosom of the murky clouds. The anxiety of the parents increased with every clap—the whole family was employed in seeking him. He was at length found, just at the moment of descending from the top of a very tall lime tree near the house. "For God's sake," cried his father, in the greatest alarm, "where have you been!" "I only wanted to see," replied the fearless and inquisitive boy, "where all that fire came from."

In his maturer years, one of Schiller's favorite recreations was, to go in a boat on the majestic Elbe, especially in a thunder storm, when its surface was curled into foaming waves, and all the elements of nature seemed to be in a conflict.—When the loudest bursts of thunder rolled in the mountain, and the tempest lashed the stream into lofty billows, he was so transported, that he would often shout applauding *Bravo!* to the grandeur of nature.

A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

What are honor, fame, wealth and power, when compared with the expectation of a being without an end, and a happiness adequate to that end? How poor will these seem at our last hour; and how joyful will that man be, who has lead an honest, virtuous life, and travelled to Heaven through the roughest ways of poverty, affliction and contempt.

HAPPINESS is that single and glorious thing, which is the very light and sun of the animated universe; and where she is not, it would be better that nothing should be. Without her, wisdom is but a shadow, and virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress: for her alone they labor, and by her they *will* be paid; to enjoy her, is the object of their efforts, and the consummation of their toil.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ITINERANT SKETCHES—No. II.

THE PENSIONER.

"Old men forgot: yet all shall be forgot;
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did. SHAKSPEARE.

During one of my customary sojourns in the country, in the summer season, it happened that I took up my residence, for a few days, in the village where dwelt the old man from whom I had the following tale. It was the afternoon of my arrival at the village tavern, that he first attracted my attention: there was a certain something in his countenance, which, added to his black stock, thread-bare gaiters of the same colour, and old corded breeches, not to speak of the fine white locks that lay on his wrinkled brow, at once interested me in him; and my respect was no doubt increased by the manner in which one of the neighbours invited the "Sargent" to try a little of his glass of whiskey. I thought, too, that the "Sargent" felt proud that his title was mentioned before the stranger, by the erect manner in which he moved towards the speaker to accept of the offered potation.—We soon became acquainted, and in the course of a day or two, I was high in the old man's favour, on account of the attentive manner in which I listened to all his tales of '76—for, I had soon found out that he was a soldier of the Revolution. a Pensioner of the Government, who, supported by his little income, lived, with his aged wife, in a neighbouring cottage. I liked the old man, and was an attentive auditor—for his tales had a charm for me which they bore for no other soul in the village, viz.—novelty. I visited him at his cottage, and found every thing in the most perfect order, neat and clean; near the door sat his venerable consort, knitting without the aid of glasses, though 70 winters had gone over her head; at the door sill lay a large Newfoundland dog, stretched at his ease; and over the fireplace hung an old horseman's sword—an emblem of its owner's former occupation—a memento of days long past. I noted down, in my sketch-book, several of his tales, and amongst others, the one I now copy, which was part of a conversation that ensued, on my asking some question in regard to his venerable Dame—for he told me "it was the story of how he first became acquainted with her." I have taken some liberties with the language, and have given it a dress different from the one in which it was delivered by Serjeant Archibald.

The winter of 1777–8, saw the British troops in possession of Philadelphia, whilst the American army, or (as their better appointed opponents expressed it) "Mr. Washington and his tattered retinue," braved all the rigors of the season in their huts, at the Valley Forge, where the mounds of earth that marked their encampment are still to be seen, swelling from the sides of the hill, and supporting the varied foliage of numerous large trees—monuments of firmness, patriotism, and independence. During this period, from the contiguity of the two armies, skirmishes between parties from either, were frequent; almost every day brought on something of the kind—for the Americans sometimes extended their excursions as far down as the Schuylkill, when they would be driven back by a superior party of the enemy, who, revelling in the city, suffered the winter to pass without a decisive blow. In all these excursions and skirmishes, the horse bore a conspicuous part, and it was to that division of the troops that Serjeant Archibald belonged, who partook of a full share of them, mounted on a strong bay charger, that rushed into the fight as though animated by the spirit of chivalry. One morning a party of the horse were draughted for an expedition towards Philadelphia, and a particular friend of Archibald's, one with whom he had shared many hard days, was amongst the number. This, to the young soldier, was peculiarly hard—for it was only a day or two before, that his horse had been killed under him, in a fray with the enemy, and he was now mounted on a sorry old beast, with which he was loathe to turn out. In this extremity he applied to Archibald, to beg the loan of his charger, for the service. The Serjeant was greatly attached to his horse; he disliked to lend him; but he could refuse Tom nothing: so Tom obtained him, and departed with his troop, the best mounted man in it, leaving Archibald, (who had no idea of being ordered from camp,) the old horse.

But things often turn out widely different from what we, in our greatest wisdom, expect. Archibald soon found it was so in the present case—for, soon after the detachment to which the young trooper belonged, who had borrowed his horse, departed from camp, he was stunned by an order to prepare for active service. Horses were scarce. There was no alternative for him but to proceed with the poor beast that the young soldier had left him, and which appeared to be more fit at this time for any other business than the only one for which he was wanted. Like Hudibras' horse,

"His strutting ribs on both sides showed,
Like furrows he himself had plough'd."

Yet the old animal once had his day, when he could follow the cry of hounds over the neighbouring hills, from morn 'till night, and happily he still retained a faculty that had once constituted his chief excellence; this was the power of leaping. No fence nor gate, however high, could stop his career—he sprang them all. When the detachment set out, Serjeant Archibald, mounted on his new charger, experienced feelings very different from those he had formerly felt, when seated on his own horse, and, as he himself expressed it, "whereas, he had always before, felt bold and confident, and ready for the best of 'em," he "now felt a sort of lost, and backward;" but, in spite of all his ill feelings and forebodings, he was constrained to march with the rest. Their direction was for Philadelphia, and the mid-day sun saw them well-advanced on their journey, though the roads were wet and uncomfortable. When the detachment arrived within a few miles of the city, it separated, and took several different roads, the better to reconnoitre. One of these parties, consisting of four men, was commanded by Serjeant Archibald, and they jogged down a bye-road, as fast as the bad state of it, and the capacity of the commander's horse would permit, little dreaming of the danger that awaited them. Their way had wound through a wood for some distance, and now a large thicket of cedars hid its continuance from their sight; not a sound was heard but the noise they made themselves, and the wind rustling through the thick tops of the trees. A desultory conversation was beguiling the way, when, all of a sudden, when they left the thicket, and the road opened to their view, it appeared lined with Hessian horsemen. At the same instant, the Serjeant's party wheeled their horses, and the blast of a trumpet echoed through the woods. Speed was all that could save them—for, as they looked over their shoulders, they saw numbers of their enemies, hot in their pursuit. In this situation, the Serjeant would soon have been left behind by his men, but they restrained their steeds to bear him company; yet it was apparent that this could not last long—for their enemies, fast gaining ground, were almost within pistol shot. Archibald tried every means in his power to urge on his beast—the blood was on his spurs—but it availed not; the Hessians approached—pistol shots were exchanged—it would do no longer. Archibald's men stuck their spurs into their steeds, and shot a-head of him, and almost at the same instant his left arm was wounded by a bullet. It was now he bethought him of his horse's springing powers—for it was plain his running ones would not avail him much longer. On each side of the road, was a bank, surmounted by a fence—'twas a high leap, but "neck or nothing," thought the Serjeant; he resolved to try it—and ere his enemies could have been aware of his intention, he wheeled his horse, gave him the spur, and cleared the bank and fence in triumph, amidst a general discharge of the Hessians' pistols. The foremost of his pursuers ran his horse at the same place, but on approaching it the animal stopped short, and flung his rider with considerable force against the bank. None of their horses could leap it, and the Serjeant fled with renewed hope—for his superior knowledge of the ground, and the distance he would gain ere his pursuers could cross, would be of great advantage to him. But his hopes were soon checked; he felt himself growing weak from the loss of blood, and his arm was becoming exceedingly painful, and his horse flagged more and more at each step. A wood was nigh, and he struck into it just as his enemies had recommenced the pursuit. His better knowledge of the country was now all his dependance, and he cautiously passed on, through all the thickets and bye-places with which he was acquainted, at intervals catching a glimpse of and hearing his pursuers. At length he appeared to have baffled the Hessians; he no longer heard their pursuit; the rustling sound of the leaves, disturbed by his horse's feet, alone broke the silence. The horse and his rider were both weak and fatigued, and every step intimated a wish to stop. Archibald guided his weary animal amongst some rocks that lay near him, to the most impervious part of a large thicket; here he dismounted and secured him, resolving to seek the shelter of a house at no great distance off—for his wound was very painful. The sun, declining far in the west, was warning all nature to prepare for the approaching darkness, and threw amongst the leafless trees long lines of brightness, that here and there was reflected by some yet

unmelted snow, when the fatigued Serjeant reached the house towards which he had directed his course. At this critical time, the political feelings of almost every person throughout the country were known to the American army; therefore, Archibald did not despair of obtaining good usage: but still, he scarcely had imagined half the kind welcome that awaited him. Two elderly females, and a blooming young maiden received him with joy, happy to be of service to a defender of their country. His wound was quickly dressed, and he seated in ease before a large fire, that the coldness of the day rendered highly agreeable; whilst, at his request, a sandy-headed boy was placed on the look-out, to give him notice of the approach of any of his enemies, should they come that way. His horse remained in the thicket—for the Serjeant well knew, that should the enemy approach, he could be of no use to him, but, on the contrary, would, if taken at the farm house, only confirm their suspicions that he was concealed there. It was plain that they were most safe when separate, whilst the Hessians were beating through the neighbourhood. The eyes of the Serjeant, though he was weary and wounded, every now and then rested on the face of the young damsel, who had assisted to dress his arm, with an expression that would cause her to resume her knitting with apparently renewed anxiety. The damsel continued knitting, and the Serjeant gazing—at intervals their eyes meeting, when the damsel seemed full of pity, and the Serjeant of a mixed sort of feeling—for, as Corporal Trim has expressed it, "He perceived then that he was beginning to be in love"—and, indeed, the Serjeant thought that he had never seen so pleasing a maiden as Alice. But all enjoyments must have an ending; just as Archibald began to feel truly comfortable, his faithful young centinel rushed in wite the news that a party of Hessians were galloping towards the house. The Serjeant sprang on his feet; the damsel threw down her knitting; and the two elderly females started with fearful countenances. Decision was necessary—for the horses were approaching. To hide was Archibald's only resource—a closet, a bed or a chimney afforded but poor security from the Hessians. The invention of Alice was on the rack. "Where could he hide?"—and in a moment she thought of the safest place—"The oven." This was an old structure, that opened into the fire-place, whilst it extended its capacious bulk to some distance on the back part of the house. The Serjeant cast a wistful glance at it, and another at Alice; but there was no resource. The fire was raked aside to allow him a passage, and the unstopped mouth of the oven admitted the Serjeant into what had sheltered nought before but goodly dishes of homely fare, when the oven was again stopped. The fire-place glowed with an accumulation of wood, which was added by order of the thoughtful Alice, so that the enemy might entertain no suspicion of aught being concealed. Hardly were these arrangements fulfilled when the troopers rode clattering into the yard. The house was soon filled with them, and a scene of ransack and plunder was commenced. Happily for Archibald the Hessians had not discovered his concealed horse, in the woods; therefore, there was nothing that tended to confirm a suspicion that he had sought a shelter at the house. Plunder was their only object, and they scarcely had time for that, as night was coming on. When Archibald, in his concealment, heard their heavy boots and rattling swords, as the soldiers walked across the room, and found the house, he felt a warmth pervading him, that almost would have sanctioned a belief that he was there for other purposes than safety; but how were his fears augmented when he found a bevy of his enemies assembled round the oven, on the outside of the house, who were preparing to plunder a pigeon-box that was suspended over it. "God help me!" thought the Serjeant; "the oven's old, and put together with clay, and if a fat Dutchman mounts, I shall have the oven and Dutchman both in upon me." The well known specific gravity of the nation gave no consolation to him, but his apprehensions were somewhat abated when he found that the enemy also regarded this point—for he heard one soldier propose that another should get up, "because he was the lightest." This was followed by a laugh from a third, who observed, "He did'nt wonder; but had no idea of getting up himself—for when a man comes out of his saddle *head-foremost*, it generally knocks climbing notions out of it." "You be d——d!" was the reply; "but I'd give a month's pay to be as near that cursed rebel as I am to them pigeons." "Likely enough," said the other; "you were in a fair way to catch him when you stuck your spurs into the bank!" One of the party now sprang on the oven; his weight caused the clayey cement to rattle down on poor Archibald, who lay in anxious fear. The peaceful habitation of the pigeons was soon rifled, and the plunderer descended just as his steps had destroyed the equilibrium of the arch, and started some of the stones from their places. The Serjeant breathed something freer now, and listened with much anxiety—for he found the troop was about departing, and he soon had the pleasure to hear the receding sound of their horses' feet; and presently, when danger was no longer to be apprehended from them, the blooming Alice liberated her prisoner, who impressed a token of his thanks upon her cheek. When night had set in, the old horse was conducted from his concealment in the woods to the farmer's stable, where he rioted in abundance of good cheer; whilst his master, having partaken of a comfortable supper, seated by the fire, amused the *old folks* with stories of the war, and news of their son, (who belonged to his regiment,) and made love to Alice, whose warm heart he had completely gained, ere the height of the cold bright moon told him 'twas time to retrace his way to the camp.

Throughout the remainder of the war, Alice and Archibald were constant to each other; he thought of her amidst the din of battles; and she ne'er thought of a battle but he was in her mind. At last came peace, crowned with victory and independence! The Serjeant "left the camp and tented field," and sought his faithful maid, and the day that saw the glorious entry of his beloved Commander in Philadelphia, witnessed the Union of Archibald and Alice.

THE BACHELOR'S PETITION.

The petition of the Old Bachelors, of Richmond to the Ladies, humbly sheweth:

That your petitioners, having long viewed with deep regret, the decided preference which you manifest towards our more youthful rivals; have come to a determination of laying our separate claims once more before you. Your petitioners are truly sorry that all their efforts to please you have proved unavailing—and that the candor and fervor by which they have always been actuated, in addressing you, should have been unfortunately lost sight of amidst the incense of flattery which is daily offered at your shrines by the conceited gallants of the present day. Some of us, in our matrimonial pursuits, may have been governed by mercenary motives, yet have we not sacrificed them at the altar of affection? Conscious of the degrading epithet of *Old Bachelor*, which is undeservedly applied to us, we approach you with more timidity and embarrassment, than ever we experienced in the first sallies of our youth. When we enter your presence, it is with a fear of diffidence, of which we can give you no adequate description—and the words we would utter become frozen within our lips. If perchance a more youthful gallant hands you to the piano, the incessant garrulity of his tongue deprives us of the faculty of our speech, and we are compelled to withdraw and conceal our chagrin in some secret corner of the house.

The many parties at which you have shone forth, in all the brilliancy of your charms during the past winter, have been another source of great alarm.—On these occasions we were the victims of that mortification and jealousy, which our deplorable situation was calculated to produce.—At these heel and toe exertions, the youthful candidate for your hand was sure to be preferred—and the ominous words would ever and anon ring in our ears "Sir I am pre-engaged."

Your petitioners appeal to all your sensibilities, and ask you, whether it is not truly mortifying that we should be styled *Old Bachelors*, when we use every effort to change our situation? Might we not step forward and interrupt the minister, when performing the marriage ceremony, he pronounces—"if any know why these two should not be joined together, let them say so now, or forever hold their peace!" Might we not tell him that we had a prior claim on her affections?

Ah! unfortunate that we are! we have often knelt in humble supplication at the altar of beauty, and pined away in solitude for the object of our adoration; but all in vain!—Our situation is deplorable, and the hoary hand of time threatens us with the horrors of perpetual celibacy.

We appeal to your sympathies. We appeal to your interests. Consider what would be your own feelings, if the terrible epithet of "old maids" should ever come to salute your ears. As you would pray to escape from that state of "single-blessedness"—as you would fly from it with all your hearts; as you would invoke every power of mercy to remedy your forlorn situation if you should ever arrive at it, we conjure you to feel for us; to listen with mercy to our prayers; and if you cannot give us your affections, at least give us your compassion. Forbear the use of an epithet which cuts us to the quick; and do not by word or manner taunt us with our situation.—Save us at least from the cruel name of "old Bachelor."

There is some respect even in the title of an "old Maid." Her utility has been developed, and and her praises have been sung, by Haley. She is the nurse of the sick; the friend of the unfortunate; She is at least woman; ever kind, ever considerate, except to "*Old Bachelors.* She shares the affecting eulogies which have been uttered by Ledyard in favour of the female sex. But what poet has ever sung our praises. What author has thought is worth his while to write a defence of Old Bachelors?

We intreat you to favour us with one ray of hope, and not to abandon us to unutterable despair. And as in duty bound, your petitioners shall ever pray, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY THORNLY,
BARNABY BONIFACE,
cum multis aliis.

Bachelors' Hall, Bissextile year.

COMMUNICATION.

The following was copied from the Political Examiner of March 31st, Fredericktown, Maryland.

Subject to a painful and protracted disease under which I had laboured for many years, and which had nearly deprived me of every enjoyment this side the grave; in hopes of obtaining relief, I applied to some of the most eminent physicians in the United States, but unfortunately my disease seemed to be one that was not to be cured by the votaries of Esculapius; hearing this from many eminently qualified to judge, I gave myself up, this world with all its cares and calamities, and calmly resigned myself and said, "Lord not my will but thy will be done."

In this situation when all earthly hopes appeared gone, fortunately I heard of a medicine prepared in Philadelphia by Mr. Swaim, which had cured cases similar to my own.—This information came to me as glad tidings, and I lost no time in sending direct to Mr. Swaim (I say direct to Mr. Swaim because I was also informed that spurious imitations of his medicine were offered for sale by several apothecaries, and others who stile themselves Chemists) and shortly received two bottles. Astonishing to relate, I had not taken more than half a bottle before I found great relief: animated by this, I persisted in its use, and found in a short time my health completely restored, and I now thank providence, for the timely notice given me of this invaluable medicine.

I was one of those who had no faith in quack medicines, nor indeed am I at all changed on this point; I am, however, far from regarding Mr. Swaim's Panacea under this denomination. It is only recommended in one class of diseases, all essentially the same, whereas in the case of a *quack medicine*, we have it recommended as a cure for all diseases, as diametrically opposed to each other as possible, and requiring the most opposite and diversified modes of treatment; moreover, I am most powerfully strengthened in my position, from the facts that Mr. Swaim's medicine is used in many of the public hospitals in this country and in England, as also that it is recommended by all the first medical men in this country, amongst whom are professors Chapman, Gibson, Mott, &c.

Every means have been used by the professors of chemistry in the medical colleges both here and in Europe, to find out by analysis, how this medicine is prepared, without success. Can it then, I would ask, be possible for a few unthought, ignorant and unprincipled apothecaries to discover what has baffled the skill of some of the most able and scientific chemists in the world? I would therefore advise the public to be on their guard in purchasing Mr. Swaim's medicine, for if they suffer themselves to be imposed upon by these unprincipled men, they may have reason surely to repent, when alas! too late, the deception practised on their credulity.

A FRIEND TO SUFFERING HUMANITY.

EXECUTION OF JOHNSON.

The sentence of the law was executed upon Johnson, on Friday, the 2d inst. Curiosity to see the execution, brought an immense concourse of people together from several parts of the city of New-York, and the adjacent counties. The military, in considerable strength were ordered out on the occasion. Johnson, who throughout had been in good health and sound memory, rose early and ate a hearty breakfast, and several clergymen attended to pray and converse with him. The Sheriff, Mr. Wendover, and Under Sheriff, Mr. Lownder, who were unremitting in their humane attentions to this unfortunate man, had his irons taken off, and the usual dress, consisting of a white cap, shirt, and pantaloons trimmed with black, put on him, a ceremony which seemed to move him more than any preceding event, and he was conducted to a platform in the rear of the Bridewell and seated on a chair. The Rev. Mr. Stanford, a venerable man, made an address to his fellow citizens in a firm and unaltered tone, in which he recapitulated, in strong and emphatic language, the heinousness of the crime for which Johnson was about to suffer, and the two prominent causes which led to the fatal act, namely, *intemperance and covetousness.* He concluded with a prayer, in which he addressed Johnson and referred to his family, which for a moment seemed to affect him, but he was soon calm and collected.

He was seated in a waggon with two or three clergymen, and the procession moved up Broadway to the place of execution, which was on the second avenue. Here prayers were said for about a half hour, when Johnson ascended the platform with a firm step. He conversed a few minutes with the Sheriff and Under Sheriff about the adjustment of the rope, when the cap was drawn over his face, the drop fell, and he ceased to exist without struggle.

By the sentence of the Court, the body of Johnson was handed over to the Surgeons for dissection. The curious results obtained in Europe by the aid of galvanism, led to similar experiments in this case. When brought into the room, the face was livid and the body still warm. A powerful galvanic battery under the direction of Prof. McNevin, assisted by Prof. Griscom and Dr. Greenhow, was made to act on different parts of the body. The effect was startling to the spectators. The legs and arms were rapidly contracted and extended, the hands clenched with violence, and a general shivering pervaded the body. The eye-brows were drawn up, and the features distorted in a most horrible manner. The heart was laid open and seen to beat, and nothing but actual breathing was necessary to induce a belief that the man was restored to life. Many of the spectators were compelled to quit the room.

John Johnson's farewell letter to his family.

Bridewell Prison, Saturday } March 28, 1824. }

Once more before I leave this earthly Prison I write to you; perhaps you will not get it while I am in this world. But my dear, I thank God that I am quite easy and resigned to death, for I have great hopes in the pardon and forgiveness of God; trusting in the mercies of Jesus Christ our Saviour, who is able to forgive all our sins. My dear, I have done all in my power with prayer and tears of repentance, and I am in a state of mind, that I hope I will make a happy change. The clergy attend me regular every day. I am preparing myself to take my sacrament on Wednesday; you know what a solemn thing it is. Mr. Onderdonk attends me, so I hope with God's help all will be for my good; but still I am troubled for you and the children, but if you will commit all your affairs to God, pray for his mercy and blessing, you will find that all will work together for the good for you.

Don't despair, God says he will help the widow and fatherless. Mr. Onderdonk has wrote to Mr. Brown for you, and the Rev. Mr. Ogilby has wrote to the Rev. Mr Johnson in Newburg, for to see to you and the children, go and see them, they will help you to bear your trouble. My dear, for God's sake pray for patience, don't grieve for me, for I am so well supported by the grace of God, that I hope I will die a happy death, trusting myself to Jesus, who died for us all.

My dear, don't let the reports of the newspapers trouble you, they say every thing about us all, but God knows all things, leave all to God. My dear, I got your letter. I am content that you are at home with my dear children. God bless you all. My dear, when you are able to go, Mr. Thorp will give you my bed clothes and books, and you must see Mr. Onderdonk, and the Rev. Mr. Feltus, in the Bowery, wants you to call upon him, he wants to see you; and Mr. Ogilby, the minister that attends me, wrote to Mr. Johnson about you, he wants to see you at his house, No. 511, Greenwich street, he says it will help you and the children.—So my dear, you will find that God will turn up friends to you, therefore be content, trust to God, and all will be for your good.

My dear, since I got my sentence of death I am greatly changed, I now plainly see I did not lead a godly life. You may thank God that you have your health, and I hope in God, that my children will live in the fear of God, and be a comfort to their mother. I know that I have ruined you my dear wife and children, but I hope you will forgive me, and I hope God will forgive me also. My dear you have a hard world to come through; but you wont starve with hunger, a little will do you, a short time will end your cares of this troublesome world. May the Lord take you and my little flock under his care, unto such times as we will all meet in a better world. My dear, I can write no more, my hand begins to tremble, we must part for a time, to God I give my charge, my dear wife and children. Oh! Oh! my prayers. May God take and bless all till we meet again in Heaven.—Farewell.

ON FRIDAY NEXT.

Then I must bid you all adieu,
That is the weeping day,
That God may heal your broken hearts,
And wipe your tears away,
To Heaven I hope my soul will go—
God will I go and see,
And all my children here below,
Will soon come after me.
My dear, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
For in this world I'll ne'er see you,
In Heaven I'll meet you there.

JOHNSON.

Call on Mr. Carter, No. 136 Mulberry street, he attends on me every day, he is a good friend of mine, he will do something for your help, with your family. He is with me to my dying moments, one of my divines.

We published last week, the murder of Mr. James Newton, of Greenbrier county, Va. by his own negro, a lad about 17 or 18 years of age; this fellow, whose name was Tom, has suffered the penalty of the law. His execution took place on the 13th ult. in the presence of a large concourse of people. After a very appropriate address by the Rev. J. M'Elhenny, Tom addressed the people, nearly to his amount: He confessed having murdered his master James Newton; and acknowledged his condemnation to have been just, and exhorted all who heard him, to avoid the errors that had brought him to his end. He said he had commenced his career of wickedness very early in life, by stealing whatever he fancied, making no difference between the property of white or black: sin he said was a very sweet thing—He had often resolved to steal only once more, but seeing something else he desired, his propensity for stealing would return, until he became so habituated to the practice, that conscience lost all influence over him. His master, he said, was one of the best, and had always used him well with a very few exceptions of a trifling nature; one of which was, for some intentional misconduct on his part, he had given him a few slight slaps on the side of the head, in the presence of a number of his fellows, a few months before he perpetrated the horrid act; and from this time he contemplated the execution of his purpose, which he used various expedients to effect; but all his diapolical plans failed, until he concealed himself in the cutting room of the stable where he knew he would come early to feed the horses;—and as he entered, struck him on the head with an axe, which knocked him down, and then repeated his blows until he expired. The only exclamations of his master he says were, "Lord have mercy on me."

Tom had previously to his trial declared he had an accomplice in the murder;—and was near having an innocent man condemned to suffer with him;—but on the day of execution he disclaimed having an accessary; reflecting severely on himself for accusing another, declaring he considered it as bad as the commission of the murder. He said, he thought by charging another person with the crime, it would be better with him;—this appears to have been his only motive.

He expressed a strong hope of his having made peace with God; but said he was uncertain what his fate would be in the life to come. He died without a groan, and almost without a struggle.—He entered the cart, perfectly composed and stood up with the greatest calmness while the rope was tying. If he did not die as a christian, he certainly met his death with all the indifference and collected coolness of a Roman soldier.

From the N. Y. National Advocate of the 8th instant.

ROGUISH VICISSITUDES.

A person was yesterday brought up to the Police charged with picking a pocket in the crowd on the day when Johnson was executed. A memorandum book of small value was taken, but his history is a strange compound of villany and suffering. He served his time in our State Prison for grand larceny; he went to Boston and got into State Prison there; in attempting to break prison he was shot by the sentinel in the leg, but he effected his escape and arrived safe at Philadelphia. Here he was arrested for some crime, sent to the State Prison, and broke out five separate times from the prison, and was at each time retaken.

TOM AND JERRY AGAIN.

Corinthian Tom was brought up to the Police yesterday for another lark. It seems that Tom was at Tattersals, in Pearl street near Broadway, examining the fine points of a horse. A French Monsieur desirous of purchasing the animal got into a dispute with Tom, which terminated by his throwing Monsieur into the manger, and from thence tumbled him under the legs of the horse to the incredible danger of the gentleman and the derangement of his clothes. Two marshals went in pursuit of Corinthian Tom and found him in bed next door to Tattersal's, hat, boots and plaid cloak on. Tom resisted stoutly, and planted a blow or two in the marshal's breadbasket and struck another over his knowledgebox. With assistance they brought Tom down to the Police, the moment he entered he made fight and sky larked in a glorious manner. He floored a coachy, beat the marshals, and would have given the magistrates a sample of the hammer school but he could not reach them. Bob Logic, Trifle and Jerry entered to bail him, but they could not raise the wind, having spent their last mag at a spree the night previous.

Corinthian Tom was literally dragged to Bridewell, making battle all the way most furiously, and the grand jury now in session has found four bills against him for assault and battery. Tom swears that he was "not at fault," the jury however may determine otherwise. He is well known on the turf and in court.

From the Edinburg Star, Feb. 14.

The following is an extract of a letter from Cape Coast Castle, dated October 24. It will be read with interest:—

"Certain Americans have purchased a small tract of land on the coast of Africa somewhere near Cape Mesurado, and have colonised it with a black and yellow population from the United States, where the slave population has increased to a degree which has not a little alarmed the government. These unfortunate wretches, amounting to about 400 in number, the moment they landed, found themselves, in the first place, exposed to the dishonesty and extortion of the original purchasers of the Colony. The latter were furnished with the necessary supplies for their Colonists, but their agents had bartered these supplies away with the natives for their own profit and the Colonists were starving. In addition to this scene of misery, the natives conceiving the Americans to have cheated them in the purchase of the lands, had made war upon them, and were hunting them down in all directions.

When the last accounts came away, those miserable people, deserted, by the parent country, which had thus thrown them upon a barbarous coast to perish, were erecting some works round the wretched collection of huts which they called a town, and named it *Monroe*, after the President of the United States. They entertained no hope however of being able to oppose any effectual resistance to the black swarms which surrounded them, and had literally shut them up in their dwellings. This primary colony the Americans had named Liberia. The Ashanteen war is at a stand, and many of the tribes which had been induced to throw off their allegiance to our flag, had returned to it again, and had withdrawn from the war. The white force at Cape Coast Castle is more than sufficient to set the whole Ashantee population at defiance."

Mutiny of the crew of the Napoleon.

We lately published an account, from a late number of the London Shipping List, of the murder of Captain Hall, his mate, cook, and boy, of the schooner Napoleon, by three of the crew of the said schooner, shortly after having left the Island of Madeira. The U. S. Vice Consul at Madeira has forwarded to the Department of State the particulars of this horrid affair, which go to confirm the statement already published. Of this statement, the Baltimore American gives the following abstract:—The Napoleon arrived at Madeira, from Savannah, with a cargo of rice; and having disposed of the same, cleared for the Cape de Verd Islands in ballast, and a thousand dollars in specie. On the night after sailing, the murder and robbery were committed by the three seamen, John Gallagher, of Wilmington, Del.; Robert Edwards, a native of England, but a citizen of the United States; and William Snow, a Swede, and also a citizen of the United States. The Vice Consul writes, that "nearly all the provisions and cabin furniture had been destroyed, the dollars stolen, and the vessel was leaking very badly, from some holes made through her bottom, and both boats lost.—Madeira being an open port, and it not being possible to obtain navigators to take her home, without incurring greater expense than she is worth, nor to secure her in safety until she can be sent for, I see no other course to pursue, than to request the government to have her sold at public auction, for the benefit of whoever it may concern." The seamen subsequently confessed themselves guilty of the murders.

Captain Alkin, of the brig Caroline, arrived at Philadelphia from Havana, states, that on Friday the 20th of March, when on his passage from Savannah to Havana, he was fired on, off Stirrup Key, by his Britannic Majesty's schr. Renegat, formerly the Saragoranna, Lieut. Com. Fyatt, a calm pervading at the time, and the vessels within musket shot. The brig had her fore-top-sail on deck repairing; the shot from the schooner, apparently a six-pounder, passed about three feet from the taffrail, and about one foot under the main boom. The officer who boarded the brig, very *politely* told Captain Alkin, that his Captain was much displeased at his not hewing too—when, from the dead calm which prevailed, it was impossible to obey such a command. The Renegat is the same vessel that fired on the schr. Allen, Capt. Dunham, on the 27th of March, off Cape Nicholas Mole. Some of the British officers at Havana, spoke of Lieut. Fyatt, as a half-crazy man.

CARTHAGENA.—Advices from Carthagena, via Kingston and Baltimore, state, that an expedition was fitting out at Carthagena, to go against Tarquia de Omoa. The expedition was stated to consist of four brigs and seven schooners.—Monsieur Gutra was to command it. It was reported that the Carthagenian government furnished 200 men, and that the town and port of San Fernando de Omoa, were to be pillaged.—The Editor of the Kingston Public Advertiser doubts the accuracy of the account.

The American sloop Dart, Capt. Brock, charged with smuggling tobacco at Carthagena, has been acquitted by the Intendancy's decree, it appearing that Capt. Brock did not intend to unload; but the decree further states, that in future all tobacco will be confiscated, brought by any vessel into a Columbian port, unless actually forced into harbour by some apparent cause.

FROM DEMARARA.

Demarara papers to the 3d of March, are chiefly filled with the proceedings on the trials of the negroes engaged in the late conspiracy, and with discussions on the impulicy of making any alterations in the system of management now followed in the West India Islands, as to the slaves. Accounts had been received from Dominica, which represented that island to be in a state of confusion and uproar, owing to the conduct of the Earl of Huntingdon, the Governor, who, having previously dissolved the assembly, had refused to issue any new writs, for the re-election of Members, until his Majesty's pleasure shall be known regarding the matter at issue between them. The Noble Earl is said (in the Demarara Gazette) to be a Post Captain in the Navy, and too much accustomed to patrole the quarter deck, to have his orders disputed with patience. Wisdom, however, it is added, is not the growth of a day—and a few more month's intercourse with the good Dominica, will probably teach him that naval discipline, and civil rights, are not compatible with each other.

A colored man has been arrested in the city of New York, charged with being one of the crew, which murdered the captain, mate and supercargo of the brig Holkar, of that port.

In 1819, after the news had been received, that the crew of the Holkar had mutinied, a colored boy informed the Police of New York, that when within a day's sail of a West India port, the place of destination, the crew, (all blacks,) rose and murdered the captain, mate, and supercargo; they took to the boat, carried away money and clothing, and scuttled the brig. The boy alone was spared by them. A few days ago, he came again to the Police, and stated, that a black man engaged in the mutiny and murder was now in the city, and he came to have him arrested. After considerable difficulty he was arrested, but denied plumply that he ever shipped on board the Holkar. Enquiry was then set on foot to discover who shipped the crew of that brig, and a woman was produced, of respectable character, whose husband, (since dead,) had shipped the crew of the Holkar, and the prisoner among them, whom she well knew. On referring to the papers at the Custom House the name of the prisoner appears on the roll of equipage as a seaman.

The man is to be tried by the Circuit Court of the United States perhaps during the present month.

The Boston Courier gives the following anecdote:—

"In the late debate in the U. S. Senate on the appropriation bill, Mr. Rufus King, in the course of his remarks in favour of his motion for the appointment and salary of an agent, cited a number of instances to prove that it has always been the practice of the Executive since the establishment of the government, to appoint such special agents, when the service of the country required. These remark were replied to, somewhat sneeringly, by Mr. Holmes, of Maine. In his reply to the arguments which had been urged against him from several quarters, Mr. King said, 'in any information he might hereafter think proper to communicate to the Senate, or in any remarks he might make there, he begged the Senate not to consider him as addressing himself at all to the gentleman from Maine; for he should, ever after, consider, that gentleman as being *far above all information, from whatever source it might come.*' Mr. H. felt the reproof, rose, and attempted to say something, but sat down again, evidently disconcerted."

Weekly Compendium.

Literary.—A Biographical Sketch of Washington, written in Latin, with English notes, for the use of American Universities, is preparing for the press, in Ohio. The author is Francis Glass, A.M. of Dayton, in that state. The work has been examined and approved by the Professors of the Ohio University, located at Athens, and of the Cincinnati College.

Medical Commencement.—At the commencement held on Thursday morning at the University of Pennsylvania, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on ninety-six gentlemen.

On Wednesday last, the annual commencement of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, took place at their Hall, and 43 young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of "Doctor of Medicine."

Commerce of Massachusetts.—During the year commencing October 1, 1822, and ending September 30, 1823, the total value of imports into the state was $17,607,160; exports $13,683,239.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its late session, has passed 132 acts, 8 resolutions and 2 addresses for the removal of Justices.

Small Pox.—Among the deaths in London, during the last year, they were 774 of Natural Small Pox.

A whale was seen on the 8th instant, in the harbour of N. Haven, some of the seamen in that port on the next day put off in pursuit of him.—It does not appear what the result of the expedition has been.

Five greyhounds of Lord Rivers, and 11 puppies, sold at auction in London for 12gs 8s 6d.

Captain Smith arrived at Boston from Bahia, states, that the President's message had been re-published at that place, and was highly spoken of.

The ship Sarah Ann, of Philadelphia, which was seized at Tobago, for having shooks on board, has been released. The officer who seized the ship was compelled to pay the cost. Uncommon interest was excited on the trial; after which the officer asked of the Court, a certificate, that there was probable grounds for seizure, which was refused.

Early Spring.—Peas were in blossom in Cheraw, S. C. on the 20th of March.

Don Bartolome Gutierrez Acuna, late Governor of Cadiz, and Jose Graces, both *members of the late Cortes of Spain, have arrived* in New Orleans from Gibraltar. They fled from persecution on the re-establishment of despotism in their native land, and contemplate seeking an asylum in the neighboring republic of Mexico.

Six *Roasting Pieces of Fat Beef* have been lately sent from New York, as a present to our Minister at the Court of London.

One of the deceased members of the New York Marine Society, during his connexion with it, paid into the treasury $10; and his wife has, during her widowhood of 46 years, drawn from it 1610 dollars.

A *Drama*, called St. Ronan's Well, by T. Bilden, was performing in London, last month, with a popularity equal to Tom and Jerry.

A mummy, said to be that of a princess, of the race of Pharaohs, who had been buried 3700 years, recently arrived in France from Egypt. In the same box was an embalmed cat, to indicate the person was of high rank.

Vessels in the port of New York, on the 1st of April, 1824—ships, 52; brigs, 64; barques 2—Total, 118. On the stocks, 8 ships, 2 brigs, 3 schooners, and 4 sloops.

The Glass manufactory of Mr. Cains, at South Boston, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last about one o'clock.

A whale about thirty feet long came into New Haven harbor, on Sunday last, and remained spouting and spouting about during the Election on Monday. The New Haven papers intimate that his Whaleship was giving lectures in the art of speaking, to some of their bar-room politicians.

A new gold coinage for Greece has been executed at Paris, under the direction of Denon, the traveller. The piece rather exceeds a sovereign in size. On one side is the archangel Michael, with the flaming Sword, and the Dove, the latter the symbol of peace. On the reverse, a Lion, the emblem of strength, encircled by a Serpent, meaning to portray eternity; and around, the word 'Resurrection.'

The citizens of Bridgeport, held a meeting on Monday last, the object of which was to adopt measures for running a Steam boat, between that place and New York. A committee was appointed to investigate the subject, who are to report on Monday next.

A woman of the name of *Harriet Gatsby*, charged with the murder of her new born infant, has been lately tried in the Baltimore county court.—The prisoner, until this charge, had always sustained an excellent character. The jury were only out of their box a few minutes, when they returned with a verdict of *not guilty.*

Progress of Liberty.—A writer in the London Monthly Magazine has given a sketch of the progress of free institutions, from which we learn, that in 1775, the number of free men, living under free governments, was 15,800,000. He computes the number, at this time, to be 87,200,000.

Lieut. Guion, of the army of the United States, a most promising young officer, was shot through the heart, in a duel at Natchez, about the 16th of last month.

The New York Daily Advertiser says that spurious notes of the denomination of Ten Dollars, of the Easton, (Pen.) bank are in circulation. They are well executed.

Another Counterfeiter has been taken in Mercer, Pa. He had but a small quantity of spurious money with him. The country is swarming with these gentry.

Money.—During the present session of the legislature of New York, three new Banks and eight or ten Insurance Companies, with an aggregate capital of about *four millions* of dollars, have been incorporated.

The New York Advocate states that symptoms of "oppugnation" have lately appeared among the students of Yale College. An attempt it is said was made to blow up the college, which luckily for all parties failed. The selection of a tutor from a class which had just graduated and placing him

over his former fellows, is stated to have been one of the causes leading to the disturbance.

Imprisonment for debt.—On the 27th ult. there were only 7 persons confined for debt in the jail of Boston, the aggregate amount of the demands against five of them being only $79 46—nine others were on the limits.

A youth of 18, student of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, had been tried and convicted of swindling by obtaining a copy of Virgil under a fictitious name, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. He delivered his own defence, which was very ingenious, but unhappily unsupported by evidence.

Sir Gregor M'Gregor has obtained one shilling damages in an action for a libel against the proprietors of the Morning Herald, for publishing a statement of his scandalous deceptions of his adherents in the Poyais adventure.

Our legislature enacted during their late session 132 laws;—of these, at least 85 were hurried through during the last week of the session.

The Rev. Mr. Hogan, has arrived at Charleston, S. C. in the British ship Mary Catharine, from Liverpool.

A party of sportsmen, at a hunt recently held near Vevay, Indiana, brought in 1007 squirrels.

Death Warrant.—The Sheriff of Baltimore has received the warrant for the execution of Rebecca Preston, alias Scott, convicted at the recent term of the City Court, of the murder of her child. Her execution is to take place on Friday, 23d inst.

An extract of a letter from St. Thomas of March 6, says—"Salt provisions generally are scarce. An arrival of leaf tobacco has taken place, which for the present has supplied the market. Corn and meal are unsaleable; flour dull and plenty; West India produce do."

The Geneva Palladium states, that Howe was executed in Angelica, pursuant to his sentence, on Friday, the 19th ult. The night previous to his execution he attempted to effect his escape, by attempting to bribe the guard with a sum of money he had on his person, and notes to the amount of a thousand dollars, which he *forged* for the occasion.

Mr. Holly, one of the New York Canal Commissioners, in a report to the Legislature of that state, has acknowledged himself deficient in the sum of $30,000. He further states, that he expects to be able, in a few months, to make up about $19,000 of it. The developement has excited considerable surprise at Albany.

The Legislature of New York has fixed the 12th of April inst. for the day of adjournment, and to meet again in Albany on the first Tuesday in November next, for the choice of Presidential electors.

DEAR WINE.—A great connoisseur in wines lately died in England, when his whole stock of claret was sold at the rate of *forty eight guineas* a dozen!

Street Paving.—The plan of paving, suggested by Mr. M'Adams, of London, by taking up the pavement, and converting the streets into a broken stone road, is about to be adopted in Boston. Less dust is said to arise from streets made in this way, and it appears, by the English papers, that several experiments, in different parts of the country, had shown the decided superiority of this new method of paving over the old one. In London a trial was made last summer, which proved every way successful. The cost is comparatively trifling.

The Milton (N. C.) Gazette furnishes a curious account of spontaneous combustion which recently took place in that neighborhood. It occurred in a parcel of Hops, which, after being well dried, were put into a homespun cotton gown, moderately pressed in, and placed on a heap of cotton seed. No fire or even candle had been, it is said, for three months in the room in which they lay. Cotton has been frequently known to take fire spontaneously in a moist and heated atmosphere. The problem in the present case is, what particular property of the Hops produced the combustion?

Education is strangely neglected in some parts of our country. If the sparseness of the population prevents the establishment of Schools, surely parents might, without losing any valuable time, teach their children to read and write. We have just seen, in a North Carolina paper, a copy of the presentment of a Grand Jury of Edgecomb county, concerning a public nuisance, to which six out of the eighteen jurors signed their marks, instead of their proper names! The Foreman of this Jury was a gentleman, formerly a Representative in Congress, of uncommon literary acquirements.—The advantages of education are at least unequally distributed there.

Splendid Church.—The Catholics of Montreal are preparing to erect a magnificent cathedral, surpassing in splendor and magnitude any ecclesiastical edifice on the continent of North America. It will be strictly and purely gothic, after the best models extant, will hold ten thousand worshippers, and cost four hundred thousand dollars. Its length is to be 253 feet—breadth 132, with two towers in front each 200 feet in height, and it is to have seven altars, the high altar at the east, behind which is to be a great window 32 feet by 45.

Smuggling.—On the 23d ult a man on board of a small vessel, in custody of the custom house officers of Charleston, for smuggling Coffee, was found to have the Small Pox. Proper measures were taken by the Board of Health for the removal of the vessel, to prevent the spread of the disease. It is bad enough, (says the City Gazette,) to defraud the government of the duty on coffee; but to *smuggle small pox* into the country ought to be most severely reprehended.

A Mausoleum has been erected by subscription to the Abbe Sicard. The ground on which it is raised, in the burying place of the Pere La Chaise, has been purchased by the administrators of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. On the upper part of the black marble which forms the monument, in the style of Egyptian hieroglyphics, are six hands in different positions, indicating the six letters of the name Sicard, conformably to the signs manual adopted by the deaf and dumb of the Institution.

The schr. Cygnet, Capt. Dean, 23 days from Richmond, arrived at Boston on Monday. On Saturday last, when off Cape Ponge Light, the cook, a black man, named Rush, seized an axe, wounded a man, and commenced cutting away the mainmast, broke the camboose, &c. The Tennessee being in co. and near by, her captain and crew boarded the Cygnet, and succeeded in confining the negro. His object was to scuttle the vessel, having threatened so to do. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that the captain and crew had no means of defending themselves.

Education in Portugal.—There are 873 elementary schools in Portugal; in 366 of which, Latin is taught; in 21, Greek and Rhetoric; and in 27, Philosophy, natural and moral. The University and College at Coimbra, together, contain annually from 1200 to 1600 students. In 1819, all these establishments were attended by 21,401 pupils.—Besides these national institutions, there are several others, where you are educated for particular professions. The annual average of books printed in Portugal, between 1805 and 1819, amounts to ninety-four.

From the Woodbury Herald, April 7.

General Jail Delivery.—On Thursday night last, our Jail was delivered without the expence and formality attending a term of the Oyer and Terminer. Eli Johnson, who was indicted at our last court for passing counterfeit money—Isaac Hand, who was taken up lately for robbing a store at May's Landing—and Aaron Stratton, who had been convicted of a petty larceny, where as usual, locked up in the state room of the prison on Thursday evening, and while the jailer and his family were asleep, they by means of a billet of wood, bent the bar of iron which secured the door of their room, and thus forced it sufficiently open to admit them through—Having succeeded in getting to the entry, the same friendly piece of wood assisted them in drawing the staple of the back door, leading to the yard. Nothing now remained to complete their escape but to scale the wall, and the men who displayed such adroitness in getting this far were not long at a loss to overcome this last difficulty. They took the rods from the stove, and bent them into hooks and converted their bed clothes into ropes by tying them together and throwing them over the capping of the wall, and with the assistance of a board which they found in the yard, they scrambled up one at a time, to the top, and descended by the same process. Johnson and Hand are old offenders, having regularly graduated from the State Penitentiary—Stratton is a youth, and is therefore only a candidate for the honors.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Opera Dress.—Dress of white satin, with china asters set on three rows without stalks; near the hem, a clochette trimming of crape, forming full plaits or quillings. The bust trimmed with bouffant puffings of silk net, confined by bows of white satins. Andalusia mantle of pink satin, trimmed with ermine without spots, a high standing up collar, lined with spotted ermine, finishes the cloak. The hair arranged in long ringlets, and ornamented with small red roses, and white Spanish bows, the latter very sparingly adopted—Necklace of two rows of very large pearls.

Walking Dress.—Pelisse of Gros de Naples, the color of the marsh mallow blossoms; fastened down the front with three large well wrought buttons. Black velvet bonnet, tied with marsh mallow colored ribband, and crowned with a large full blown rose and bows of velvet. Long black chantilly veil; the pelisse is made with a narrow French collar, surmounted by a double frill Urling's lace. A double gold chain with a watch depending. Black kid half boots, and yellow gloves.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, April 10, 1824.

It is gratifying to learn that the arguments of several of our most celebrated members in Congress, on a late important question, are about being published together, in a book, at Washington. It is to be regretted that this course has not been more frequently adopted—there has been much valuable matter delivered in the halls of Congress, which should not have been permitted to be, so soon as it is in a measure, lost to the public. We hope this attempt will succeed, and be followed up, for there can be no doubt, that young as our country is in the production of great and exalted talent, there is yet sufficient to form a work of more than ordinary richness, and one which will lose nothing on a comparison with the productions of either ancient or modern assemblies.

The city of New-York appears to have been, for a short time past particularly, kept in a state of ferment, owing to a more than usual association of "mysterious transactions," strange and distressing developments, combined with circumstances that have tended to keep the city in an almost continued state of excitement. Of these, the execution of Johnson for the murder of Murray, is the most conspicuous. This was actually turned into what may, with propriety, be termed a *holiday*. The description in the various papers of the immense crowds which assembled to witness that awful ceremony, with the attending scenes of confusion and depravity is disgusting, and above all that so many of that sex from whom we would fain hope better things, should be found taking part in scenes that shock the mind possessed of the least feeling and delicacy, is painful in the extreme. We could wish for their credit, and for the honour of our country, that such things were done away.

Better late than never.—The Board of Health have published their intention of rigidly enforcing the provisions and penalties of that part of the act of the state legislature passed at its last session, which declares that no practicing physician or other person or persons shall be allowed to communicate the infection of Small Pox by *inoculation* or otherwise, within their jurisdiction, without permission of the Board of Health, under a penalty not exceeding $100.

THE TARIFF BILL has been at length reported to the House, from the committee of the whole, in the House of Representatives. This was effected (remarks the National Intelligencer) by a sitting of seven hours on Tuesday, during which there was a good deal of discussion, and a variety of amendments proposed, some of which succeeded, and others were rejected. Of the Debate, it is vain to attempt to give any account. Twenty columns of the newspapers would not suffice for it.

An important step (adds the Intelligencer) has thus been taken in the march of this bill. Our readers are, however, cautioned against making calculations on the decisions in the committee of the whole, for they are all liable to be reversed, and, considering the closeness of some of the votes, cannot safely be relied upon as indicative of what will ultimately be done. The general principle of the bill, moreover, will be debated, and possibly settled, upon the announced motion of Mr. Forsyth, before the amendments come up for decision.

CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.

The Elkton Press on Monday, states that the Engineers and a committee of the Directors of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal are now actively engaged in marking out the line of the Canal. Mr. Randel, (the chief contractor) is receiving proposals for sub-contracts, and the work is about to be prosecuted with spirit and vigor.

The Grand Jury of the City of Philadelphia consider as an evil of no common magnitude, the association in the prison of the city, of old and abandoned villains with the young and tender in vice, who are capable, under proper moral restraint, of becoming useful members of society.—The Grand Jury do not consider it their province to point out the mode in which the evil may be remedied, but "cannot discuss the subject without calling the attention of the benevolent citizens to a house of refuge, upon the principles lately proposed in the city of New York, as one means of accomplishing this desirable purpose.

The weather is now beautiful—it is really productive of delightful sensations to walk out, in to the clear spring air, and to witness the animated scenes so full of life, spirit and activity. Many of the fruit trees, plants and shrubbery in our city, and vicinity, have already began to blossom, and scent the air with their balmy fragrance. Every thing seems to wear a pleasing aspect, and to fill the heart with thankfulness and gratitude to the bountiful bestower of all good.

IRON ORE.—A specimen of rich iron ore discovered on the farm of G. W. Waite, Esq situate in New Jersey, about 8 miles from this city, has been left at the office of the Aurora. The bed from which it was taken comprises about fifteen acres, and what considerably enchances its value, it is only about one and a half miles from Cooper's Creek, which emptying into the Delaware, will afford a cheap and expeditious method of transporting either the ore or the manufactured iron to Philadelphia. The proprietor intends erecting buildings for the purpose of working the bed immediately.

A singular circumstance occurred a few days since at the Masonic Hall, Chesnut street. A French lady in company with a number of others was viewing with intense interest the countenance of Cain, painted by that celebrated Artist, David, when in an instant she gave a piercing shriek and fell senseless in the arms of her companions; on her recovery, she explained by stating that the terrific and appalling feeling, displayed in the countenance of Cain, brought so forcibly to her recollection, similar feelings exhibited by a member of the revolutionary committee, before whom herself and parents were brought during a period of the French Revolution, that nature could not support the recollection so powerfully renewed to her senses.

WARNING TO CARTERS AND OTHERS.

Patrick Hagan, a carter, was indicted in this city, for an assault and battery upon Evan W. Thomas, Jr. and Miss Grubb. The circumstances of the case, as disclosed by the testimony, on the part of the prosecution, appeared to be as follows. Mr. Thomas and Miss Grubb were in a gig proceeding up Eleventh street, between Spruce and Locust streets. They were on the East, or right hand side of the street in the passing direction. A small quantity of lumber lying near the curb stone, compelled Mr. Thomas to turn out about six feet. Just as he was coming in contact with the lumber, he perceived the defendant coming down the middle of the street in a cart, driving at a rapid rate. Mr. Thomas immediately checked his horse into a walk, and being as near the east curb stone as the lumber would permit, and ample room on his west side for the cart to pass, he naturally concluded that the defendant would turn out, as he was bound by law to do. The latter, however, disregarded his duty and the danger in which he was placing the lives of those in the gig, drove strait forward and ran against the gig, and the shafts were broken; the horse being frightened and rendered unmanagable, ran off, and near the corner of Locust street upset the gig and threw Mr. Thomas and Miss Grubb on the pavement.

Fortunately they were not seriously injured, but the gig was much broken, and the horse seriously hurt. It appearing to the Court and Jury that the above facts were clearly proved, and that the accident occurred in consequence of the extreme negligence or design of the defendant, he was convicted and sentenced to three months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of twenty dollars.

Captain Plaskett, of the brig Emeline at Holmes Hole from St. Thomas, states that the day he sailed a report reached there that an American schooner from La Guayra for St. Thomas was taken and burnt on the south side of Porto Rico by a piratical schooner. It was also reported that a piratical schooner had been taken by the British sloop of war Scout, off the south east part of Porto Rico—that the pirates all jumped overboard, and that fifteen were taken from the water by the boats of the Scout.

COMMUNICATED.

Messrs. Editors,—Having just been engaged in reading the fourth number of the American Monthly Magazine, I cannot resist the strong desire which its perusal has created in my mind, of sincerely congratulating the public on the establishment of a work which has thus far afforded and promises to continue so valuable, appropriate, and original a fund of reading. With its editor I have no acquaintance whatever, otherwise than as the author of several works, which have added greatly to the literary reputation of our country. But whoever he may be, I presume that, without offence, I may take this opportunity of paying this unfeigned tribute of admiration. Not so much, however, for the bold and fearless stand which he has taken against the popular opinions of the day, in reference to certain celebrated literary characters; for, although in the forcible, and in many instances, conclusive reasonings which this stand has elicited, I find much to approve, I yet cannot coincide with him throughout: still, however, in this, notwithstanding my partial opinion, (for this, after all, is but the opinion of an individual, and of one who judges more, perhaps, from the force of feeling than of reason,) I willingly admit his claims to the thanks of those who estimate, in its true light, that pure, harmonious, and may I add, old fashioned style, for which he is so strenuous an advocate. But it is not for these things; nor the correct and comprehensive retrospects of politics; nor the liberal feeling which appears to influence its principles, that first induced me to take up my pen: these will find a more ready welcome with those of sober feeling and sounder intellect. It is the feeling, energy, and heart-touching pathos that dwells in the "Woodlands," that arrested my attention most forcibly, and rivetted every emotion of my heart. I was doubtless more deeply interested from having frequently visited the beautifully romantic scenery to which it alludes. I have more than once, in silent rapture, mused while gliding smoothly along the glassy mirror, near "the banks immediately opposite the bay of Flushing," when "the waves lay calm and quiet beneath the falling shades, and the white canvass of several packets bound up the sound scarcely caught sufficient air to bend them to their course;" and that too when "a faint tinge of light began to spread itself along the eastern horizon, the promise of a coming moon, and the tops of the forest on the Long Island shore became faintly visible." Sweet description of scenes imprinted on my memory! how forcibly, nay almost painfully, does your animated lines recal the recollection of other and of happier days. But why should I dwell here on scenes which embitter my inmost heart, and will ever cast a gloomy anguish over all my future enjoyments? To the writer of the "Woodlands" I feel much indebted for a tale whose extreme tenderness and deeply affecting incidents have thrilled the finest chords of my heart, with a touch most painfully exquisite. The fate of the lovely Caroline Le Fort, is, indeed, calculated to awaken every feeling of tenderness and sympathy which the heart possesses. But if her's, how much more so his whose tortured imagination, fired with the frantic fury of a maniac, turned the sweet current of their love into a stream of poisonous existence. That he who had pictured her out to his imagination as "possessing all the graces and charms that painters delight to embody forth, and poets love to immortalize"—who "felt the thought was sweet, that stole trembling, as though it were sacrilege, across his bosom—the thought that it might be his lot to smooth the uneven path of life before her; to deck out for her a little paradise; to watch over her night and day; and make her life pass like an enchanted dream. That he should awake her from that dream! and so soon too! Ah! well dost thou say she was "too beautiful for such a world." * * * * * * * But I have not room nor time to notice the half I have found to admire. The "Poor Student," is also a most excellent and interesting piece. The sensible and lively written remarks of "Cornelia;" "The Annals of the late War;" "A Sketch;" "My Grandmother"—a truly commendable picture, conveying, in an agreeable manner, a most excellent lesson of virtue and morality; the biographical sketch of our distinguished countryman, Henry Clay, &c. &c. form, together, a display of valuable and genuine original matter, such as, I dare venture to assert, has never been excelled at any time, nor in any work of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.

Your's, &c. THO.

Appointments by the Governor.

Jacob Holgate, of the county of Philadelphia; James Clarke, of Westmoreland county, Charles Treziyulney, of Centre county, Commissioners to promote the internal improvement of the state.—They are to survey the several contemplated canal routes, to connect the waters of the Susquehanna and Ohio; and that through the Great Valley of Chester county, between the Susquehanna and Schuylkill.

☞ For notice of the Original Poems, published at this office, see advertisement.

Marine Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

April 8th—Ship Woodruff Sims, Isaacs, 218 days from Canton, with teas, &c.; brig Susan, Morrell, 23 days from St. Jago de Cuba with sugar and coffee; ship Fanny, Mathieu, 30 days from Liverpool, with merchandize; ship Tobacco Plant, Read, 110 days from Canton, with teas, &c.

6th—Brig Amity, Loughhead, (late Smith,) 28 days from Angostura, with hides, indigo, &c.

7th—Brig Pocahontas, Frazier, 15 days from Matanzas, with sugar, molasses, &c.

CLEARED.

Ship Sarah, Ralston, Bowen, for Liverpool; ship Electra, Robinson, for London; Georgia Packet, Bunce, for Charleston; Brig Louisiana, Rugan, for Laguira; Schr. Francis Asbury, Remington, for Havana.

Letter Bags up at the Coffee House for Liverpool on the 20th inst. and for Laguira on the 15th April.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, the 8th inst. by Robert Wharton, Esq. Mayor, FREDERICK FAIRLAMB, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Joseph Gibbons, all of Delaware County, Pa.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. by Dr. Williams, Mr. SAMUEL DAVIS, to Miss SOPHIA PAULUS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. LEWIS J. CHAMBERLAIN, to Miss MARGARET BATEMAN, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. James Wilmer, Mr. CLEM TINGLEY, Merchant, to Miss HARRIET, daughter of the late John Milner, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 9th ult. by the Rev. Henry Holcombe, Mr. JOHN COLEMAN, of Reading, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH BICKLEY, daughter of the late Jacob Bickley, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, SAMUEL HAZARD, of New-York, to REBECCA, daughter of Joseph Peace, Esq. of this city.

DIED,

On Friday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARY BOOTON, aged 38, wife of Mr. Andrew Booton.

On Saturday morning, the 3d inst. after a short illness, aged 2 years and 3 months, THOMAS, son of Joseph Wetherill.

On Tuesday, the 30th ultimo, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH WALTER.

On the 28th ult. at Doylestown, Pa. Mr. SALLOWS SHEWELL, lately of Philadelphia, aged 39.

On Thursday morning, after a long and painful illness, Mr. JOHN EVANS, son of the late Mr. Abel Evans.

On Wednesday morning, the 7th inst. the Rev. WILLIAM ROGERS, D. D. aged 73.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. Mrs. FRANCES LAY, in the 74th year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. the Rev. PHILIP LARRACY, of Saint Augustine Church, aged 42.

On Wednesday morning, the 7th inst. MARY STACKHOUSE, in the 70th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, the 8th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mr. PHILIP BARLOW, aged 40.

On Monday morning, the 5th inst. Mrs. SARAH WATSON, wife of John Watson, in the 47th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, the 4th inst. Mr. GEORGE BARLOW, aged 41 years.

On Monday morning, the 5th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of John Fink, aged 26 years.

Deaths during the past week.

	ADULTS.	CHILD.	TOTAL.
In Philadelphia,	44	48	92
In New-York,	50	46	96
In Baltimore,	16	15	31

The deaths in this city last week were 92; among which were, 11 by consumption, 8 typhus fever, and 8 small pox.

Mr. and Mrs. COAD respectfully inform Parents and Guardians, that a few more pupils can be received, on moderate terms, at their Seminary for young Ladies and Gentlemen, in different apartments, S. W. corner of 3d and Union sts.

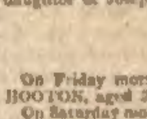
PORTER, ALE AND CIDER.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER, of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation, at his stand, No. 108 MARKET STREET, corner of Franklin Court, between Third and Fourth.

april 10—tf JOHN C. RUHLMAN.

TO RENT,

A Cotton Factory, and immediate possession given.



Containing 500 spindles, with room and power for more, or a number of power looms. The Factory is 32 by 38 feet, three stories high, in good repair, the water works and geering new and well supplied with water, and is warmed with a complete ventilating apparatus, for heating the air. There are three dwelling houses belonging to the Factory; it is situated in the Village of Stanton, on the Post Road leading from Philadelphia to Baltimore, five miles west of Wilmington. Apply to the Subscriber on the premises.

april 10—3t* EDWARD MARSHALL

REMOVAL.

Joseph E. M'Ilhenny, CLOCK & WATCH Maker,

Lately at the corner of Church Alley and Third st.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has removed to No. 49 North Second street, above Arch; where Watches of every description will be carefully repaired and warranted. april 10—tf

FOR SALE,

A GOOD second hand GIG and HARNESS. Apply to Mr. BRODHURST, sign of the Barley sheaf, North Second street, below Vine; or at 49, North Third street, Philadelphia. march 13—tf

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.

No. 73 Market street, a few doors above Second.

PACKAGE SALE.—*Domestic Goods.*

On Thursday morning, 15th April, at 9 o'clock, on a liberal credit, for approved notes,

200 packages Domestic brown and bleached sheetings and shirtings, plaids, stripes, tickings, cassimers, &c. from the most approved manufactories.

The above will be opened for inspection, and catalogues ready for delivery, one day previous to the sale, and purchasers are assured the goods will be sold without reserve.

COMLY & TEVIS, *Auc'rs.*

BOOK-SHOP, 121 S. 5th st.

Eighth door above Spruce street.

JUST received, Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate friends—now first published from the originals, in the possession of his kinsman, John Johnson, L. L. D. first American edition; together with a variety of New Publications, and valuable Standard Books, offered for sale very cheap, and will be repurchased by the advertiser, if kept in good order, and returned in a reasonable time. Classical and common School Books, at as moderate prices as any store in Philadelphia, as usual.

☞ Family Bibles, School do. and Testaments, Psalms and Hymns, Methodist Hymns, the approved edition, Book of Common Prayer, and Stationary.

Orders received as above for Book-binding.

april 10—tf

CHEAP MANURE.

ZARNA VILLE, No. 125 Germantown Road, near Philadelphia, manufactures Bones, Oyster Shells, and Ground Plaster of Paris. These Manures have been used in England and found excellent. The bone, particularly, is the best that is known. Several respectable references can be given, of those who have tried it in the vicinity of this city. Farmers would find it their interest to make trial for themselves. april 10—3t*

30 DOLLARS REWARD.

Was stolen from the stable of the Subscribers, at Cooke's Mills, in Hanover Township, Burlington County, (N. J.) on the morning of the 8th inst. between three and four o'clock, a Yellow Bay Horse, 6 years old, between 15 and 16 hands high—has a white spot on his forehead, a mealy nose, and two or three white spots on the upper side of his neck, caused by the galling of the collar; also a black list down his back; and a switch tail. He is a natural trotter, but racks under the saddle.

Twenty Dollars Reward will be given for the Horse, if brought to Cooper's Upper Ferry, near Philadelphia; and Ten Dollars for the apprehension and detection of the thief.

JAMES ELLIS.

N. B. The horse was crossed over from Cooper's Ferry on the morning of the same day. april 10—3t*

THE GREAT PRIZE OF

100,000 DOLLARS,

IS now floating in the GRAND STATE LOTTERY OF MARYLAND, now drawing in Baltimore.

COHEN'S OFFICE—*Baltimore,* April 2d, 1824.

☞ Besides the above splendid Capital Prize of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, there are also now drawing in the wheel, the Capitals of 20,000; 6 of 10,000; 5,000; 2 of 1,000 dollars, &c. the whole of which are liable to be drawn at the NEXT DRAWING, which, in order to allow time to distant adventurers, will take place on

THURSDAY, the 13th of May,

In the City of Baltimore, under the superintendance of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council. Only two drawings remain to complete the scheme; the whole of the Prizes are payable in CASH, which can be had at COHEN'S OFFICE, the moment they are drawn.

*** Orders ought to be sent on as soon as possible. Persons at a distance may, at all times, with confidence, forward their remittances to COHEN'S OFFICE, for, if the great capitals in the Scheme should be drawn when their orders arrive, and the state of the wheel not justify an investment, the amount enclosed will be returned by the first mail.

Whole Tickets,	$20 00	Quarters,	$5 00
Halves,	10 00	Eighths,	2 50

To be had (warranted undrawn) at

COHEN'S OFFICE,

No. 114 MARKET STREET, BALTIMORE.

Where the great capital prizes in BOTH THE LAST LOTTERIES were sold, and where more CAPITALS have been obtained than at any other Office in America.

Orders from any part of the U. States, by mail (post paid) or by private conveyance, enclosing the Cash, or prizes in any of the Baltimore Lotteries, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if a personal application. Address to J. I. COHEN, Jr. *Baltimore*

☞ COHEN'S "Lottery Gazette and Register," which is published regularly after each Drawing, will contain the Official Lists of the Grand State Lottery, and will be forwarded gratis, to all who purchase their tickets at COHEN'S OFFICE, and who signify their wish to have the same.

april 10—3t

A Book-binder Wanted.

TO establish himself in a small town about 40 miles from Philadelphia. To a single man, or one with a small family, the situation is believed to be desirable. For particulars enquire at this office. april 10—3t

ADVERTISEMENT.

JUST published and for sale at the Book Store of J. MORTIMER, No. 74 South Second street, and at the Printing Office of ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 13 Market street, a collection of ORIGINAL POEMS, embellished with an engraved title page. Price 37 1-2 cents.

N. B. Subscribers will be furnished at the subscription price; after which, in consequence of the additional expense attending the publication, they will be disposed of as above. A future number of the Evening Post will contain a notice and explanation of the Engraving prefixed to the title page. april 10—3t

A Situation Wanted.

A MIDDLE aged woman wants a situation as Housekeeper. Unexceptionable recommendations can be readily given as to capacity, &c. Apply at No. 36 Dock street. april 10—tf

SULLIVAN HILL, Millwright,

MAYLANDSVILLE, Baltimore Road, one mile and an half from Market street Bridge, near Philadelphia. For information apply to JACOB MAYLAND, Philadelphia; PETER ROBSON, Roxborough, Philad. County. april 10—tf*

TWENTY DAYS.

IN twenty days another Class of the Union Canal Lottery, will be determined, and the Capitals (as usual) be sold and paid, at FORTUNE'S HOME.

P. CANFIELD'S

Pennsylvania State Lottery Office, No. 127, Chesnut-street, Nearly opposite and between the Post Office and United States Bank.

Who has obtained a number of packages in the present scheme; certificates of which he will furnish at the following prices:—Seven tickets for 14 dollars and 50 cents; Halves 7.25; and Quarters 3.62 1-2.

Single Tickets and Shares at the rate of four dollars and fifty cents per Ticket. april 3—tf

PORT GIBBS FOREVER!

No. 4 1-2 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

THE proprietor of Port GIBBS respectfully returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal share of patronage bestowed on him since his establishment in business, and flatters himself, that from his prompt and liberal manner of conducting busines to merit an increased share of their approbation. Those trading at Port Gibbs, from the very day its Flag was raised, (and they have been tolerably numerous) generally came to a good market, and many of them actually made their fortunes. In fact it has become famous as a depot for trade, where investments are almost sure to produce a handsome profit; so, indeed, the opinion strongly prevails, that Fortune has marked it for her own. If such be the fact, then all doubts must vanish. It must be the successful Port of Entry.—The Proprietor, therefore, most earnestly solicits those in pursuit of a profitable trade, to freight their packets well with specie or its representative, and set immediate sail for Port Gibbs.

The present fair winds will bring the skilful sons of Neptune in a few hours to anchor at this famous port of Good Luck, where hundreds of valuable cargoes are now for sale at the lowest prices, to those who first apply. The proprietor also trades in Foreign Gold, Spanish Dollars, &c. where was sold the handsome prize of $7,000 in the 3d Class Union Canal Lottery, New Series, and the Capital prize of 1000, and of 1000, and in the 6th Class, Com. 6, 5, 1, 3, a handsome prize of 4000, and where he expects to share some of the brilliant Capitals in the NINTH CLASS, to some of his adventurers. april 3—tf

BAKER'S

Exchange and Intelligence Office,

FRANKLIN COURT,

Market, between Third and Fourth Streets,

PROCURES Houses and parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks Housekeepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Bound children, Domestics, WET NURSES, &c.

FOR SALE, a *Black Girl*, 11 years old and 17 to serve—do. 11 and 7—do. 10 and 8—do. 10 and 8—do. 12 and 16, from the country—a *Black Boy* 16 and 8—do. 17 & 14—do. 21 & 7.

TO BIND, a number of white and coloured Boys and Girls of different ages.

PROPERTY to *Sell* or *Let*, entered gratis.

Families provided with *Dentists*, who *good* recommendations. april 3—tf

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

AN ENIGMA.

A. B. and C. were acquainted quite well,
A. had a team of six Horses to sell,
He enquired of B. if he wanted to buy,
Who reply'd he did not, and gave this reason why:
That money at present was hard to be found,
And he in his pocket had only four pound;
C. wanted the team but his funds was still worse,
He declared he had only four pence in his purse;
When says A, C I know you're a true honest man,
And will freely oblige you in all that I can,
I'll sell you the team, if to buy you incline,
For the quotent of B's cash divided by thine.
One year's credit, at five per cent interest, I'll give:
I know you will pay me provided you live.
The bargain was struck;—now pray make it appear,
What C. had to pay at the end of the year.

LOVE'S FIRST SIGH.

If there's an hour more sweet, more blest,
Amid life's chequered scene,
If joy e'er filled the artless breast,
Its cares and fears between,
Tis then the heart, it knows not why,
With rapture fill'd, breathes Love's first sigh.

How swiftly sweet the moments fly,
Mid groves and flow'ry dells,
When fondly gazing on that eye,
Where purest passion dwells;
And the young bosom throbbing high,
With fond alarms breathes love's first sigh.

The Dutchess of Devonshire.—As the beautiful Dutchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and exclaimed, "Lord love you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" The Dutchess was so delighted with the compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strains of adulation which were so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

SIR W. JONES AND THOMAS DAY.

One day upon removing some books at the chamber of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor; upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, 'Kill that spider, Day.'—'Kill that spider?' said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous—'I will not kill that spider—I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose when you were going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a Superior Being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!—How should you like that, Jones?—and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer, as a more noxious animal than a spider.'

A RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

A Justice of the Peace in Vermont, who was not very noted for his erudition, had a cause brought before him of rather an obscene nature; in which a young woman was introduced as a witness, who was not delicate in the choice of words in her testimony. The Justice observed to her, that she had *Brass* enough in her face to make a five pail kettle. To which she answered, "Yes sir—and there is *Soap* enough in your head to fill it!"

EFFECT OF DUELLING.

In ridicule of the practice of *duelling*, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following story.—A person said to another in a coffee house—"Sir, stand a little further off, sir, you smell offensively." 'Sir,' answered the person addressed, "that is an affront, and you must fight me.' "I will fight you if you insist upon it," rejoined the first, "but how will that mend the matter? If you kill me, I shall smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell worse than you do at present."

BON MOT.

The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed round for contributions, and they were born by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his Louis d'or, he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes."—The girl curtsied, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?"—"Yes, Sire, (said she) "*I now want something for the poor.*" The Emperor, amused by her ingenuity, repeated his donation. 'Go, go,' said he, '*all your features are petitioners.*'

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

A short time after the war for independence, an exercise was given to one of the students at Westminster school: the word was *Saratoga*—on which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation.

Burgoyne, alas! unknowing future fates,
Could out his way through WOODS but not through GATES.

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE.

A gentleman who had heard the Rev. Mr. Davis, relate, that colonel Washington had said "he knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets," being alone with him at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the latter end of 1775, at the time he was commander in chief of the continental forces, asked him whether it was as had been related; the general answered, "if I said so, it was when I was young."

KEEP TO THE POINT.

A certain English philosopher having asserted in opposition to Dr. Franklin, that blunt conductors for lightning were the only safe ones, the king of Great Britain, during the revolutionary war, caused the sharp conductors of his palace to be changed, and blunt ones to be put in their places, as though he disdained to owe his safety to the invention of an enemy. This he persisted in, although the royal society publicly condemned the pretended improvement. This antidote produced the following neat and sarcastic epigram:

While you, great George, for safety hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The nation's out of joint.
Franklin a wiser course pursues;
And all your thunder, fearless views,
By keeping to the point.

On the death of Helen, wife of Edward Smith.
Poor Helen's dead! said punning Ned,
His eyes with tears (of joy) o'erflowing;
Hark to that bell,—I'm passing well,
Although there is my Nell a-going.

A French Bull.—A Paris Journal states that one Depuy, condemned to death at Lyons, had attempted suicide, first by poison, and then by a knife; but adds the editor, 'medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now *out of danger, (hors de danger,) and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law!*'

Bon Mot of Lord Chesterfield.—A gentleman once, on quitting Lord Chesterfield, asked if he had any commands for the Dutchess of M———, who was *très recourbee*.

"Pray tell her Grace I long to see her *straight*."

HONOUR IN RAGS.

A beggar asking Dr. Smollet for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow on perceiving it, bobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollet returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging honesty has taken up with!"

INSTINCTIVE ANTIPATHY.

An honest Hibernian was arraigned at the bar, and on empanneling the jury, was informed of his right of challenge in the usual form; but not understanding the clerk, was told by the court if he had aught to object to any of the jurors, he could do it as they were called. "Ay, an't plase you," replied Murphy, looking askance at the jury, "I have no great partiality for any of them."

MR. POWELL.

The late Mr. Powell, an English comedian, was a man of some pleasantry and much good nature. He was originally a cook, and took pleasure in collecting a number of his theatrical brethren to a dinner of beef-steaks, which it was also his pride to dress with his own hands. If any little bickering took place on these occasions he would say, "For God's sake, gentlemen, forget your *broils*, and attend to mine."

A WAY TO PUNISH AN ALDERMAN.

In Stype's Stow, vol. 2. page 238, is the following extract from the ancient City Records:—"Nicholas Whyfford, or Wilford, an Alderman, having neglected to line his cloak, which he would use in the procession, therefore, it is adjudged by the court, that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen shall all breakfast with him. This penalty is awarded on him as a punishment for his covetousness."

Sir John Malcom, in his late account of central India, to give us some idea of Eastern magnificence, states, that according to respectable testimony, "seven hundred Elephants, in velvet housings, walked at the coronation ceremony of a young prince, through the streets of Wandoo:" a city whose magnificent ruins may still be traced over an extent of ground thirty-seven miles in circumference.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

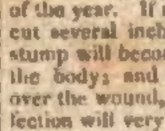
The following remarks, we believe, are from a source which entitles them to the attention of farmers.

The good effect of seasonable and proper trimming of fruit trees, is obvious to every person who has paid much attention to the culture of fruit: but from observations I have made for 20 or 30 years past, I am thoroughly convinced that the former method of pruning trees, in March and April, is very injurious to orchards, and particularly to nurseries, which have been long neglected, and require much trimming. I have observed small trees, which have, in consequence of a close trimming in March, died by reason of the drying winds penetrating the wounds so deep, and letting such a quantity of the sap and moisture escape before the sap begins to move up and supply the loss. In this case the bark adheres to the wood, in such a manner, that it is not in the power of the sap again to ascend; and of course, the sapling dies. But this is not apt to be the case with larger trees, when deprived of those supernumerary branches, which in ordinary cases will require to be taken off; but they will nevertheless suffer great damage by such amputations at this season of the year. If a limb of any considerable size is cut several inches from the body, in March, the stump will become dry, and crack open nearly to the body; and before the new growth can heal over the wound, the stump will rot, and this defection will very soon penetrate to the heart of the tree, and the whole will soon decay.—Whoever will take the trouble to observe old orchards which formerly were trimmed in March, will find, that almost every instance in which a limb of any considerable size had been taken off, instead of the wound being healed, and the tree sound and healthy, a large cavity is found, beginning at the wound, and rapidly increasing towards the heart, which soon deprives the tree of health and vigor. In almost every instance, where I have taken off a limb in June, when the tree is full of sap, if the stump be left smooth, the new growth immediately commences its healing operations, and instead of decaying and dying, the wound is soon healed over, and the tree remains sound and flourishing. I believe the best time in the year for trimming trees, is when they possess the greatest quantity of sap, which I think is not far from the middle of June.

Many farmers do not commence trimming their young orchards so soon by five, and in some cases, by ten years, as they ought. They say the tree grows well, and bears well, and why should they meddle with it? The fact is, many of our orchards are set in good fertile land, and their growth is rapid, and in many instances, send out three or four times as many branches as the root is able to support in old age; and if they are suffered to remain, the tree will soon dwindle and become shrubby, and die: or, if the branches are taken off when they are large, the tree will be much more injured, than it would have been had they been taken off smaller.

BALM OF COLUMBIA,

An Important recent Chemical Discovery.



THE Ladies and Gentlemen of this city and elsewhere, are respectfully informed, that John Oldridge has fortunately discovered, by the power of Chemistry, the grand desideratum of preventing Hair from falling off, in Forty-Eight Hours from its first application. This Balm, will, most absolutely, in the course of a short time, make the Hair grow Healthy and Thick, and also restores it again if the part is totally bald; likewise makes whiskers and beards grow rapidly. It also cures the Dandruff.

It has proved its ability to restore a full head of hair on those who were bald at 20 years of age, in the short time of 13 weeks. On those who were older it was longer in effecting the change, in proportion to age. Any person under forty years of age, may rest assured (provided they do not wear a wig) that this Balm will restore a covering of hair if it be regularly used. The young hair always appears on the part that was bald in the course of twenty-one days. Though the person who uses it be ever so old, by applying it occasionally it will prevent the hair from falling off.

It is prepared and sold as usual at his establishment, at one dollar per bottle, half a bottle fifty cents, by

JOHN OLDRIDGE,

No. 35 1-2, South Front street, and No. 31, North Fourth street, Philadelphia; where Certificates may be seen. It is also sold at Mrs. THATCHER's, No. 447 Pearl street, New-York. jan 3—tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND for sale at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, at the Book Stores of J. Mortimer, No. 74 South Second street, Uriah Hunt, No. 147 Market street, and Isaac Peglo, N. E. corner of Third and Race streets—price 37 1-2 cents.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

In the Mind of Man—the only rule of faith and practice, with observations on Religious Sects.

Free from Sectarian bondage, I have drawn a full length picture, in the persuasion that there is a pure and holy religion, under feelings separated from sectarian views.—And this religion is altogether in that one eternal, unchangeable, indivisable Principle, to which I have referred, which applies to all mankind—which embraces every thing that is excellent in religion, which knows no sect among men, or distinction between individuals, &c.—Introduction. feb 28—6t

JOB PRINTING,

Of all descriptions, neatly and expeditiously executed, at moderate prices, by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, at their office back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second st. north side. ap 10—tf

A GENERAL REGISTER,

In which Names, Occupations, and Places of Residence are inserted throughout the year. Terms, two dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

JAMES & WOODWARD, at their Book Store, No. 78 S. Third st. execute all orders for Book-binding and Copperplate Printing. They also manufacture first quality Wafers.

JOSEPH BINNEY, No. 34 South Fifth street, Taylor, Tinman and Weavers' Shears Manufacturer. Also, Turkey Stone Cutter and Cutler. Old work repaired, cleaned, ground, &c.

PAPER NEATLY HUNG, at the shortest notice and lowest terms, by J. HOWELL & Co. No. 70 North Fifth street, above Arch.

PHILADELPHIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, No. 7 North Sixth st, where Persons and Situations are procured.

JOHN SIMMONS's low priced Book and Stationary Store, Circulating Library, and General Intelligence-Office, at the S. W corner 3d & Dammany street. A few Boarders taken.

DAVID CLARK, Book Binder and Paper Ruler, No. 171 Market st. 3d story—Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the handsomest manner.

ISAAC STUTTGARD, No. 7 1-2 South Second street, keeps constantly on hand, a general assortment of CHEAP FANCY DRY GOODS.—9

DAVIS & HANSON, Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, Front street, Pittsburgh.

J. C. BOYD, Rush township, Northumberland county, Pa. near Danville, Manufacturer of Flour and Whiskey, drives 3 pair of Burrs in Merchant and Country work, at all periods of the year, by steam and water power connected.—6

☞ A large collection of Canary, Mocking & Red BIRDS, for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the 1st house above Eighth st. Also, a large collection of Fancy Pidgeons.—3

TO SOCIETIES.—A convenient meeting Room to Let, on moderate terms. Apply at the N. W. corner of South and Fifth streets.

Doctor EDWIN A. ATLEE, has removed from No. 176 Race street to No. 161 North Seventh street, a few doors below Race street.—6

AT DAVID LUKENS's SCHOOL, Ancocas, N. J. a number of boys can be well accommodated with Board and Tuition, on reasonable terms.—6*

JAMES CALDWELL, Salt Fish Dealer, constantly keeps a general assortment at No. 7 Strawberry st. 3 doors below Market st. He has lost his eye sight, and would be thankful to those who would favour him with their custom.—3

JOHN M'CLOUD, Hatter, No. 46 Market street, keeps constantly on hand, a large and general assortment.

JOHN HEAZLITT & ANDREW WILLIAMS, Silk, Cotton and Woollen Dyers & Scourers, in all branches, at No. 5 Prune street, occupied formerly by R. Greer.—4*

Stage Office, VALLEY FORGE, PHOENIXVILLE and KIMBERTON—John L. Young's Tavern, in Fourth street, above Arch street.

B. WILLIAMS, Dentist, No. 178 Vine above 8th st. performs all operations on the teeth on moderate terms, and in all cases of decay gives information and advice gratis.—3*

GEORGE ALLCHIN, Backgammon and Chess Board Manufactory, No. 163 Vine street.—3

CHARLES P. LISLE, No. 7 North Sixth st. Land Agent, Broker & Conveyancer—also, Discounts promissory Notes.

DAVID LAKE, jun. No. 168 North Third, near Vine st. manufactures Fancy & Windsor Chairs of the latest fashions. Orders left at No. 30 North Fourth st. will be attended to.

BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, File manufacturer & Cutler, No. 77 S. Second st. Cutlery, of every description, ground, polished and repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

J. L. FREDERICK, Engraver, No. 43 South Fourth st. where may be had Musical Instruments of various descriptions, and Music for every department of the science.—123*

GEORGE ALLCHIN, Book-Binder, and Gilder on the edges of Books, Letter & Filagree Paper, No. 163 Vine st.

TOOTH BRUSH MANUFACTORY, No. 110 North Third st. above Race. ANDREW MOORE, Keeps for sale, on reasonable terms, Brushes of every quality.

HORATIO L. MELCHOR, House Carpenter, No. 31 Strawberry st. keeps on hand, a quantity of Packing Boxes.

JOHN PATTERSON, Fancy Chair maker, (formerly of the firm of Lentner & Patterson,) continues the business in New Fourth street, 1st brick house above Poplar lane.*

JACOB MAAS, Engraver in various branches, No. 129 Locust street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets.

SAMUEL HAINES, No. 115 North Second street, manufactures Hats of the best quality, and at reduced prices.

KREYMBORG & HAGEDORN, No. 93 South Second st. keep for sale an extensive assortment of Clarified Quills.

CHARLES STEVENSON, Goldsmith and Jeweller, No. 219 South Second street, opposite the Custom House.*

FANCY DYEING and SCOURING, at a reduced price, by S. WILLIAMSON, No. 36 North Eighth street.

CALEB KEITH, No. 25, North Sixth street, in addition to his BOOT business, has commenced making, and keeps on hand BOY'S BOOTTEES of the best quality.

PENNSYLVANIA CIRCULATING LIBRARY, No. 249, South Front St. opposite Lombard, containing a large collection of Novels, Romances, &c. of the latest publications.*

F. C. WILMARTH, has removed to No. 246 Market street, above 7th; where he manufactures and keeps on hand a general assortment of Water Proof Cotton HATS.

New Jersey Supreme Court,

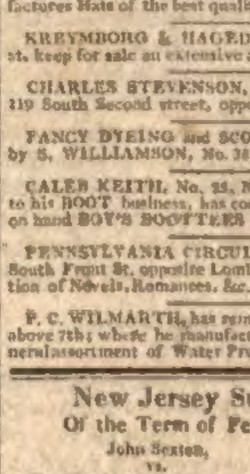
Of the Term of February, A. D. 1824.

John Sexton, vs. The President and Trustees of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Steam Boat Company. } IN DEBT.

THE Sheriff of the county of Gloucester, having returned the Writ of Summons in this case, "not served," and affidavit being made to the satisfaction of the court, that process cannot be served on the said defendants, as mentioned in the first section of an Act entitled "An Act for the relief of Creditors against Corporations." It is ordered that the said Defendants do cause their appearance to be entered to the aforesaid action, on or before the second Tuesday of May next, or on failure thereof, that the said action be proceeded in agreeably to the provisions of the aforesaid act; the said plaintiff causing a copy of this rule to be inserted within twenty days in one of the public newspapers printed in this state, and in one of the public newspapers printed in the state of Pennsylvania, and continued for at least six weeks; and also causing a copy of this bill to be posted up within the said twenty days, and for at least six weeks, at the court house in Woodbury; at the public inn or tavern, now, or late kept by James Sloan, at Kaighne's Point, and at the public inn or tavern kept by Joseph English, at Camden, in the said county of Gloucester.—On motion of John M. White, Attorney of Plaintiff.

A true copy from the minutes.

march 13—6t ROSSELL, Clerk.



J. S. RUSSELL,
No. 68,
Chesnut street,

Has for sale a general and handsome assortment of BRASS, BRONZED & JAPANNED

LAMPS,

adapted to every purpose for which light is required, together with LAMP *Glasses and Wicks* of all descriptions, and every article connected with the use of Oil.

nov 1—tf

CHEAP CORSETS,

No. 62 DOCK STREET,

JANE DONALDSON, has on hand, a handsome assortment of the most fashionable and approved patterns, and much lower than has ever been offered for sale.

Ladies having the materials, can have them made up; and those who are in the habit of making their own, may have them cut out for 25 cents per pair. Dresses cut out 12 or 25 cents. march 20—tf

WILLIAM H. HART—*PLUMBER,*

No. 170, SPRUCE-STREET—Near Fifth,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general that he has commenced business at the above place, where all orders left will be thankfully received and attended to with punctuality and despatch.

N. B. Hydrants, lead pipes, pumps, &c. made, fixed and repaired, in the best manner. march 20—tf

TO LET,

A TWO story Stone House, situate on Lime Kiln road, about ten miles from Philadelphia. It has been hitherto occupied as a store—it would be a good stand for a Taylor, or some other Mechanical Business. Possession may be had immediately. Inquire at No. 28 Green-street.

3d mo. 19th, 1824.—3t*

OLD FERRY REVIVED.

THE Subscribers inform their friends and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious and commodious house and ferry, No. 45 NORTH WATER-STREET, between Market and Arch streets, Philadelphia. The buildings have undergone a thorough repair, and furnished for the most perfect comfort of a number of Boarders, and of those persons who attend the market in particular. The Beds and Bedding are all new—they therefore solicit such a share of the public patronage as their accommodations and unremitted exertions for the benefit of their customers, shall be thought to deserve. They flatter themselves that the vicinity of their establishment to places of business; a bar of choice liquors, and a well stored larder, supplied from an abundant market, and the unceasing solicitude of the proprietors to please, will secure to them a claim upon public favour.

WILLIAM POOLE & Co.

N. B.—Dinners and Suppers, for parties, supplied upon reasonable notice. march 27—6t.

SAMUEL HUTCHINSON,

CLOCK & WATCH MAKER,

NO. 118 MARKET STREET, eight doors below Fifth street, Philadelphia—has for sale on assortment of Watches, Chains, Seals and Keys.

Also, Silver Table, Tea and Desert Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Ladles, Thimbles Pencil Cases, Reticule Clasps, Purse Clasps, Silver Pens and Penknives, &c.

N. B. Clocks and Watches carefully repaired, and warranted. march 27—4t*

BOOK-SHOP, 121 S. 5th st.

Eighth door above Spruce street.

JUST received, the ALBIGENSES, a Romance, by the author of Keltran, Chalmer's New Discoveries, and most of the new publications, as soon as out of the Press, which may be bought as low as at any of the Book-stores; and if brought back in about five days' time, in good condition, the purchaser will receive again for his book, a price which will meet his satisfaction.

The advertiser has attended the public Book Sales, for a number of years past, which enables him to sell at least as cheap as any of the Booksellers.

Several copies of Supplement to Dobson's Encyclopedia—this is a complete work of itself. Price only 5 dollars. march 27—tf

CAMEL TAVERN,

No. 140 North Second street,

HANNAH SAGER informs her friends and the public, that she has re-taken the above large and commodious stand, which, being in a central part of the city, (Second street, between Race and Vine streets,) and having undergone a thorough repair, is in complete order for the entertainment of travellers and the public in general. By every attention in procuring the best viands, liquors and other accommodations, united with a long experience in the business, she hopes to merit a share of the public patronage. march 27—4t*

FOR NEW-YORK,

THIRTY MILES LAND CARRIAGE.

The STEAM BOAT Pennsylvania

HAS commenced running for the Season, and will leave the upper side of Market-street wharf every week day at 12 o'clock, for New York, in connection with the Steam Boat from Amboy—only 30 miles land carriage. Fare three Dollars.

For seats, apply at No. 13 Market-street, near the wharf, or of the captain on board of the Boat.

feb. 28—tf JOHN BOWMAN, Jr. Agent.

INDIAN INFIRMARY,

No. 70 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

DR. SMITH, son of the Old Indian Physician, late of Baltimore, begs leave to assure the public that he feels a high sense of gratitude for the liberal patronage he has met with, in his practice, in many of the cities throughout the United States, as an Indian Physician. In particular Baltimore, his last residence, he can truly, and with heartfelt satisfaction, use the words of Holy Writ; that with the assistance of Almighty God, he has been the instrument of opening the eyes of many who were entirely blind, of unstopping the deaf ear, enabling the lame to walk, and bestowing to the sick and infirm universal relief and consolation from their sufferings.

The knowledge and skill of the Indian Physician in the Healing Art, is the result of being born and raised among the Sons of the *Forest*, from whom he was taught to unfold the Book of Nature, and peruse its instructive pages; by which he has been enabled to select and prepare medicines, from the bosom of our Mother-earth, who is ever pregnant with plants of her own fostering, to cure all diseases, which are curable in their nature and state.

Dr. Smith, from his intimate association and early acquaintance with the Indian habits, manners and practices, is well acquainted with the languages spoken by the Six Nations, which has enabled him to pursue his researches with every advantage and success, as his practice and numerous testimonials will abundantly prove.

The Indian Physician has engaged an assistant, which will enable him to devote unremitting attention to those patients who may fall under his care.

The poor and penniless are invited to call at the Indian Infirmary, in the morning, between sun-rise and eight o'clock, and they will be healed gratis. After which time, until evening, all other persons will be waited upon; from whom a reasonable remuneration will be expected upon receiving counsel and the delivery of medicines.

Convenient apartments will be prepared for private and confidential consultations.

N. B. Dr. Smith will constantly keep a supply of Medicines for the cure of most diseases, carefully prepared by himself, with proper directions, at his residence, No. 70 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. march 25—3m

LAND AGENT,

Broker and Conveyancer's Office,

No. 7, N. 6th st. a few doors above Market.

THE Subscriber offers his services to his friends and the public in the purchase and sale of Real Estate, and Agency business in general, engrossing of Writings, posting of Books, adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators, Assignees, &c. drawing of Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Assignments, Powers of Attorney, Apprentices' Indentures, Articles of Co-partnership, Leases, and all other writings in the line of Conveyancing, procuring and putting out Money on Interest, and discounting Promissory Notes.

N.B. A Register is kept expressly for entering Farms, City Property, and Ground Rents, free of expense.

feb. 28—tf CHARLES P. LISLE.

Illinois Military Bounty Lands.

THE Subscriber has made arrangements, and has entered into agreement with Messrs. Weaver and Wiltbank, Land Agents, No. 140 Walnut, near Fifth street, Philadelphia, where persons holding such land can, through them, pay their taxes; they also attend to the recording of deeds, and the redeeming of lands that have been sold for taxes; who have in their office, a correct tax list of lands, sold in December last. Persons interested, are particularly requested to pay immediate attention to their interest, as those lands which were sold for taxes, will be irredeemable in a given time.

The subscriber also offers his services in collecting of debts in the state of Illinois, agency and commission business generally, promptly and correctly attended to. Orders and business left with Messrs. Weaver & Wiltbank, will meet with immediate attention.

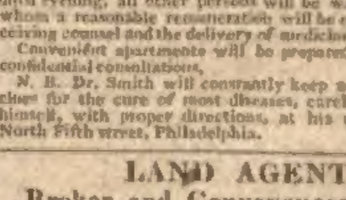
SAMUEL SMITH, Land Agent.

Kaskaskia, Illinois, Jan. 22, 1824.

References—Messrs. Wickham & Co. Thomas Prosser, Abraham Stein, and Charles Fletcher, Esqrs. Philadelphia. feb 28—tf

A. COX, JUN.

The Original Steam Scourer from the City of New-York.



THE citizens of Philadelphia are cautioned not to be imposed on by representations of others as he is certain that many clothes dressers represent themselves as pursuing the same successful method, which he is now practising, and which he invented in the city of N. York, in January of the year 1820.

A. COX, Jr. TAILOR & CLOTHES DRESSER, No. 106, Chesnut st. (directly opposite the Post Office,) respectfully informs his Friends and the Citizens of Philadelphia, that he has opened a Coat Dressing Establishment at the above stand, where he continues the Dressing of Coats, Pantaloons, &c. Gentlemen can be accommodated in the best possible manner, and with punctuality. His method of dressing Coats, Pantaloons, &c. by steam sponging, extracts all kinds of stains, grease spots, paint, tar, &c. and is on quite a different plan from that of the dyers. A. COX, Jun. engages to put on new Buttons, Collars, Cuffs, and Sleeve Linings, and alter old clothes to the newest fashions, on the most reasonable terms. *** All kinds of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel DYED on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—A. COX, Jun. assures the citizens of Philadelphia, that the nature of the composition which he uses, is such, as effectually to prevent any injury whatever being received from the moths; this will be an inducement to gentlemen wishing to put by their clothes for the season. jan 31—6m

Philadelphia Intelligence Office,

No. 7, North Sixth Street,

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET STREET,

PROCURES Houses and parts, Boarders, Clerks, Housekeepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Bar-keepers, Coachmen, Waiters, Labourers, Seamstresses, Farming-men, Grooms, Cooks and House Servants of every description.—Also, Wet Nurses, To Bind, White and Colored Boys and Girls, of different ages. Property to sell or let entered gratis. The above establishment relies on the patronage of the public, and particularly on those in the habit of *employing persons*, whose notice of the same is respectfully solicited; and the proprietor will endeavour, aided by their patronage, to conduct in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction, and make the office worthy of their confidence and support.—Persons of every description, having good recommendations or references, will find every facility *in supplying themselves with situations.* feb. 28—tf

HOWELL'S INDIAN SYRUP.

A PREPARATION composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs and Plants, and has proved itself to be a valuable remedy for the cure of Colds, Asthmas, Consumption of the Lungs, and long confirmed Coughs; and particularly for the removal of those slight Colds attended with cough, incident to children. Prepared by the Proprietor ONLY, No. 79 NORTH FIFTH-STREET, where a liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase to sell again. Price 25 cents a bottle.

JOHN B. HOWELL.

N. B.—An assortment of Medicinal Roots and Herbs, to be had as above. march 13—6m

FANCY JAPANNED CHAIRS & CABINET FURNITURE.

DAVID & JOSEPH E. LAKE,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public in general, that they continue the above business at No. 168 NORTH THIRD a few doors below Vine street. The Chairs and Cabinet Furniture made at their stand shall be of the best materials and workmanship.—On hand, a handsome assortment of Windsor Settees, Chairs, &c.

N. B.—Old Chairs re-japanned and Cane.

march 13—6t

CHEAP SHOE STORE,

No. 293, Market Street, fifth door below 8th street, Philadelphia. The Subscriber offers his present Stock of SHOES and BOOTS, at the following very low prices, viz:

Gentlemen's Philadelphia made warranted Boots,			4.00 a 5.00
Do,	do.	Morocco,	1.88 a 1.75
Do,	do.	Shoes,	1.62 a 1.50
Do.	do.	Buckskin do.	1.87 a 1.75
Man's	do.	Calf do.	1.62 a 1.37
Do,	do.	Coarse do.	1.00 a 1.25
Boys'	do.	Morocco, best quality,	1.00 a 1.12
Do.	do.	Shoes, do.	87 a 1.12
Do.	do.	Coarse do.	62 a 87
Ladies' Valencia Slippers, full trimmed,			1.00 a 1.12
Do.	Morocco	do. Heels and trimmed,	1.00 a 1.12
Do.	do.	do. Spring Heels,	90 a 1.00
Do.	do	Boots Trimmed,	1.62 a 1.75
Do.	Leather	do.	1.12 a 1.37
Do.	Morocco	thick soled Shoes,	1.12 a 1.25
Do,	do,	do, with Heels,	1.25 a 1.50
Do.	Leather	do, do.	87 a 1.25
Do,	do,	Pumps,	75 a 1.00
Misses'	Morocco	do.	62 a 75
Do,	Valencia	do,	75 a 87
Do.	Leather	do.	50 a 62
Children's	Morocco	Boots,	75 a 87
Do,	Leather	do.	37 a 62

With a variety of others, equally cheap.

JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B. A general Assortment of TRUNKS, also very low. march 6—1y

SILVER SPOONS, &c.

THE Subscribers have constantly for sale a handsome assortment of Silver Table, Desert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons. Also a variety of silver Sugar Tongs, Silver Bottle Stands, Ice &c. &c. all of which will be warranted of the best quality and workmanship, and sold very low.

☞ The highest price allowed for Silver, in exchange.

Crowley & Farr,

No. 106 Market street, between Third and Fourth. march 6—3m

NAUTICAL & MATHEMATICAL ACADEMY,

No. 235 South Front-street, six doors below Spruce st.

THOMAS ARNOLD, respectfully informs his friends and the citizens of Philadelphia, that he teaches the following branches of Education, to pupils of the age of twelve years and upwards, viz:—

Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Gauging, Navigation, and Lunar Observations,

Geography, with the use of the Globes, and Book-keeping, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic.

Each Quarter's Tuition will consist of twelve weeks in consequence of which, no charge will be made for the summer vacation.

*** Gauging will be taught both in theory and practice by the Quarter, or One Dollar per Lesson. Gauging instruments and a desk are provided for the purpose.

AN EVENING SCHOOL Taught at the same place during the Winter Season. feb 21—tf

Dr. Mellen's Cough Drops,

The most valuable Medicine ever prepared for COUGHS AND CONSUMPTIONS.

THIS *new and healing Balsam Hits fair to cure every Medicine heretofore discovered, for Coughs and complaints of the lungs, leading to Consumption, and even in seated Consumptions have lately been and by many, with the most surprising success. If certificates from persons of the highest respectability, of the great and increasing demand for this, may be called proof of their good effects, it is proved. In every case of Colds, Coughs, pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, want of sleep, arising from debility, or even Consumptions but may be relieved by the timely use of this Medicine.*

I hereby certify that my wife has for some time past been troubled with a violent Cough, and has been in very delicate health, and after having tried many things without getting relief, I bought for her a bottle of DR. MELLEN'S Cough Drops, from the use of which a very short time she found great relief, and her Cough has entirely left her and she has regained her strength.

Hudson, 12 mo. 6th, 1819. JOHN W. JENKINS

Agreed before me this 20th December, 1819.

JOSEPH D. MONELL, Recorder of the City of Hudson.

To the afflicted whom this may concern. I, ROSANNA BARTON, do certify that I took a violent cold in the latter part of the year 1818, which created a violent Cough and difficulty of breathing, which was very distressing till I procured a bottle of Doctor MELLEN'S Cough Drops, and by taking a few doses of the said drops, I was entirely cured of my Cough and pain in my side.

ROSANNA BARTON, Wife of Joseph Barton.

Hudson, 12 mo. 6th, 1819.

This is to certify that in June 1819, I was seized with a very distressing Cough, pain in my side, great weakness of the lungs, which continued until July 11th, and confined me to the house, and part of the time to my bed. I had tried every thing as I thought, but all in vain: I was at last induced to make trial of DR. MELLEN'S Cough Drops, which gave me immediate relief, increased my strength, and restored my former sleep. I can with the greatest confidence recommend them to all that are afflicted with those complaints, as a very valuable Medicine. NANCY BOURNE.

Hudson, County of Columbia, State of N. York, Dec. 21, 1819.

These drops generally give ease in most cases of coughs colds asthma, difficulty of breathing, wheezing, altering short respiration which often leads to consumption, pain in the side, &c.

Sold by THATCHER & THOMPSON, SOLOMON TEMPLE, SMITH and PEARSALL, and T. W. DIOTT.

may 10—1y

LOOKING GLASSES,

FANCY HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

C. M. & W. K. STOKES,

No. 16 MARKET STREET, South side, near Front,

HAVE constantly on hand, and will sell upon the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail, a handsome assortment of LOOKING GLASSES.

Knives and Forks,	Plated & Brass Candlesticks,
Brass and Iron Andirons,	Plated Castors,
Shovels and Tongs,	Tea Trays and Waiters,
Razors and Scissors,	Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots,
Tea and Table Spoons,	Bellows and Hearth Brushes,
Snuffers and Trays,	Curtain Pins,
Brass and Japanned Lamps,	Brass Stair Rods and Eyes,
Butcher and Shoe Knives,	Bread and Cake Baskets,
Pen and Pocket Knives,	Tea Caddies,
Coffee Mills,	Tea Kettles,
Chimney Hooks,	Iron Pots,
Wire Fenders,	Sad Irons,

ALSO,

E. M. POMEROY'S METALLIC RAZOR STROPS

AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY HARDWARE.

feb 7—tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND for sale by JAMES & WOODWARD, No. 78 north Third street, a Selection from Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, in which all those words subject to an incorrect pronunciation are brought directly into view; with Original Notes, designating those which are acknowledged to be exceptions. By LEMUEL G. WHITE, Professor of Elocution, march 27—tf

A SITUATION WANTED,

BY a person who has not been regularly brought up as a Clerk, but has a general comprehension of business, and writing a tolerable hand, would wish to engage with a person wanting such. A moderate compensation would be required; a line addressed to B. and left at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, would be thankfully attended to, and satisfactory references given if required. ap 3—tf

MARK THIS, INSOLVENTS.

THOSE who intend making application for the benefit of the existing insolvent laws, are informed, that they can have their petitions carefully and legally executed for two dollars. Likewise all other writings drawn or engrossed on similar low terms, at No. 7 North Sixth street, a few doors above Market. march 6—tf

TO LET, a small three story Brick

HOUSE, situated in Mary street, Southwark. Inquire at No. 22 Dock street. march 6—tf